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## Schedisms.

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### A FEW HINTS ABOUT GENIUS AND TALENT.

SOME common ideas are so nearly alike in their bolder outlines and grosser qualities, and at the same time so intangible and evanescent in their nicer shades of meaning, and, withal, each of them in itself so complex and multiform in character; and, more baffling than all, so closely allied to each other; that it is a severe task of discrimination to fix clearly in the mind distinct and separate notions of them. It is sometimes more difficult still to express, when so fixed, those distinct notions in intelligible language. However, there is no safety and but little profit either in discussion or dissertation, unless you *define* before you begin: nay, not unfrequently, where definition begins, difference and discussion end. Then 'there is the rub;' how to define precisely; how to express that definition in such language as to exclude every thing foreign, and yet to comprehend with perspicacity every thing cognate: in short, how to include every thing proper, and yet include nothing too much.

Purely intellectual ideas are never easily defined. It is no light matter to avoid a confusion of such ideas with others closely resembling them, and to fix the particular notion singly before the mind. Then, too, our conception of them takes much of its hue and shape from our individual organization. Beside, the stubbornness of language will not bend at choice to embrace exactly the nicer shades of meaning we would express, without the hazard of expressing too much. All who have attempted discussion of subtle distinctions of this sort have painfully felt this embarrassment. Hence, definitions of such abstract ideas as Wit, Humor, Poetry, and the like, although exhibiting great intellectual acumen and power of thought, coupled with copiousness and felicity of phraseology, have generally been deemed unsatisfactory.

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It may be that we are apt to attribute too much of this misfortune to the poverty of language, and too little to our own want of grasp and precision of thought. The mind is oftener at fault, perhaps, than the tongue we speak: the dialectician more culpable than the dialect. Fix the idea clearly before the mind; scrutinize it closely; examine it critically; be sure you have purged the ore from every particle of dross; see that you comprehend its positive and negative qualities; its abstract nature, its exact relative position to other kindred ideas: look to it that you see without confusion wherein lies the difference between it and other similar and seemingly synonymous ideas, and I believe the tyranny and poverty of language will greatly vanish, and its copiousness and felicity begin to be apparent in no inconsiderable degree. Still, it must be confessed, the task is tedious and perplexing; and one is often puzzled for a word, and is compelled to adopt an awkward circumlocution, or ambiguous phrase, to save a happy, idiomatic expression: or, what may be worse, re-model an entire sentence, and perhaps in the end as badly want some other word.

I encounter all these difficulties in no ordinary degree at the outset, as I presumptuously attempt to jot down 'A FEW HINTS ABOUT GENIUS AND TALENT.' I had better confess at the start that I have no definition to give. I do not set up for an oracle. I throw out the suggestions, and leave for others, who have more leisure, and can bring to bear upon them greater power of analysis, the task of testing their worth. Moreover, I am very far from pretending to insist that all of my views are correct; or that I may not have been betrayed by fanciful antitheses, or seduced by an appetite for paradox, into many an error. If, however, I shall succeed in prevailing upon my reader to reflect on the distinctions I allude to, and, whether my notions be real or fanciful, shall assist him, either as an opponent or a proselyte to my propositions, in coming at a clearer view of the meaning that should be now universally attached to the two words, Genius and Talent, I shall have accomplished my uttermost hope. I do but attempt, by abstract considerations, and with little or no argument or illustration, to *suggest the basis of a definition*, and to help, by strong contrast, to discriminate between two mental characteristics so widely dissimilar, and yet so often popularly confounded. Popularly, I say, for I do not conceive this mistake lies very deep. Among accurate-thinking men such a distinction is pretty well established, and generally recognized, though not yet absolutely and unmistakably defined with such precision and lucidness as to prevent the one being sometimes confounded with the other, even there. I fear, however, I shall be very dry and tedious: and unless my reader is stimulated by great curiosity, and softened by much charity, he had better pass me by 'on the other side.'

Genius, as I understand it, is the result of a peculiar and felicitous combination of mental faculties, moral qualities, and physical organization. The combination is peculiar, inasmuch as it differs from every other known combination, in possessing some positive and subtle attributes that none other has; and it is felicitous, as it excels every other combination by its productions in a marvellous way. It is not Taste, nor Wit, nor Humor. It is not Common Sense or Facility. Finally, it is not Talent. It may coëxist with each and all, or it may exist essentially independent

of either. Now I apprehend there is but little practical danger of confounding any of these, except talent, with genius. The difference between *them* is comparatively easy of illustration, but they are hardly susceptible of separate definition.

Genius may be said to be the ability to conceive, comprehend, and re-produce truth, beauty, and harmony: talent is the ability to explore, gather up, and re-construct truth, beauty, and harmony. Genius is creative ability: talent is executive ability. Genius, in its nature, growth, and power, is 'subjective': talent, in its nature, growth, and power, is 'objective.' Genius is speculative and visionary: talent is practical and matter-of-fact. Genius revels in the ideal and the possible: talent delves in the real and the actual. Genius conceives and invents: talent finds and remembers. Genius seeks by its own inward power to develop what it finds within itself: talent seeks foreign aid, and aims at a foreign object. To adopt a word, Genius is *intransitive*: talent is *transitive*. In their works, genius is easy and natural: talent is fastidious and accurate. Genius, in its results, has a quality of unexpectedness, and produces wonder, as wit produces surprise: talent shows you its clue, long before it attains the end. One might almost say genius is the *instinct*, talent the *reason* of the understanding. Genius 'substitutes intellectual vision for proof,' and has the 'clear conception out-running the deductions of logic:' talent moves by regular processes of thought: the operations of Genius are *à priori*, from cause to effect: the operations of talent are *à posteriori*, from effect to cause. Talent is sagacious appreciation; genius is intuition. Talent ascends; genius transcends. Talent is empirical and experimental; genius is transcendental and prophetic. 'Nothing can be proved to exist,' says Talent: 'I know that I exist,' says Genius. Thus Talent arrives at a conclusion: Genius has a revelation.

The moral characteristics, if one may be pardoned the expression, in considering this intricate subject, are broadly different in genius and talent. Genius has more enthusiasm and self-devotion; talent has more zeal and energy. Genius is melancholy; talent is sober. Genius is affected by sensibility; talent by the passions. Genius overstrained is more apt to burst into madness; talent overtaken to lapse into idiocy. Genius is patient in conception, impatient in development; talent is impatient in conception, patient in development—each moving more freely where it feels its strength. Genius is moved by impulse, and is desultory; talent, chained to the will as a motive-power, is methodical and direct. Genius *excels* unconsciously; talent is always aware when it produces an *effect*, and toils to produce it. Genius has its 'end shaped' by a divinity; talent 'rough-hews' its own. Genius finds its motive in its own gratification, and is but half-conscious of effect and external accomplishment: talent dies without appreciation, seeks the plaudits of the world, and knows marvellously well when it has made 'a hit.' Genius 'wakes up in the morning and finds itself famous:' talent lies feverishly awake all night, and wonders why that morning and its fame don't hurry along.

The growth of capacity and power in genius is like the growth of a fruit, or a tree; spontaneous, constantly adding to itself, yet indivisible and a unit, still having the same identity. The same growth in talent

depends chiefly upon cultivation ; it is like the growth of a crystal, (as science reveals it,) adding to itself, yet each addition separate, severable, and obvious. The former grows by expansion from within ; the latter by accretion from without. Genius seeks to discover the hidden providences of God, and the mystery of man's nature, and, by 'wreaking its thoughts upon expression,' to ally itself and mankind with the great GODHEAD Himself : talent labors to apply truth practically to the immediate wants of man. Genius penetrates far into depths unfathomable, led on amid the mazes and windings of error, bearing a *torch* in its hand, and, seeing what is good and what is worthless, gathers only that it seeks : talent gropes its way through the dark labyrinth, guided by a *clue*, gathering all it finds, and drags its indiscriminate booty into the day-light of other men's minds. Genius is conscious of itself, and needs no circumstance to call it forth : talent often awaits the call of pride, ambition, or duty, and first discovers its power when passion has forced it into exercise.

It would be a curious and perhaps a profitable investigation, if practicable, to find out how different men get possession of their ideas. I know of scarcely any thing that could afford a more edifying entertainment, than to hear the honest confessions of a hundred able men as to the mode in which their ideas reached them. When we hear a great intellect announcing as a definition of genius the single word 'Patience,' we may safely guess that to such an one, ideas come slowly and laboriously. And when another refines upon that definition, and says : 'Genius seeks and Patience finds,' we may conjecture that to such an one, too, there is much 'beating about the bush' before the game is started. And when a third tells us that 'Genius is capacity for mental effort,' we may well imagine that *his* thoughts are not generated without much sweat of the brain. And here, let me say, I am forced to believe that one reason why so many different and contradictory theories are afloat in the world, respecting the intrinsic nature of genius, is, that self-love has hindered all who have attempted to define it, from so circumscribing its boundaries as to exclude themselves from its territory.

But, to return : Charles Lamb speaks of 'crying halves to ideas' struck out, like sparks from the anvil, in the heat of conversation. Some one, perhaps Dean Swift, describes himself as catching by stealth, in its transit, 'an idea HEAVEN intended for some other man.' But the most honest expression I have ever met with on this head, is a line or two of Sydney Smith. There is so much comfort to us slow mortals contained in it, that I shall be pardoned for repeating the whole passage. 'The mind,' says he, quite as oracularly, if not quite as dogmatically, as myself : 'the mind advances in its train of thought as a restive colt proceeds on the road in which you wish to guide him ; he is always running to one side or the other, and deviating from the proper path, to which it is your affair to bring him back. I have,' says the Rev. Sydney, 'asked several men what passed in their minds when they are thinking ; and I never could find any man who could think for two minutes together. Every body has seemed to admit that it was a perpetual deviation from a particular path, and a perpetual return to it ; which, imperfect as the operation is, is the only method in which we can operate with our minds to

carry on any process of thought.' Now, I suspect this may very well describe the mode of thinking by men of more talent than genius, but that the 'crying halves,' and intercepting 'ideas intended for other men,' better illustrates the process by which men of genius arrive at their ideas; and I am the more inclined to this opinion, because of the quality of suddenness, without loss of harmony or beauty, often visible in the thoughts and ideas of genius; while those of talent are obviously slow and anticipated.

'By genius,' says Fuseli, 'I mean that power which enlarges the circle of human knowledge; which discovers new materials of nature, or combines the known with novelty; while *talent* arranges, cultivates, and polishes the discoveries of genius.' That is to say, genius creates, while talent merely constructs. Thus, in art and letters the creations of genius are copious, vast, true, and in harmony with nature; the productions of mere talent are literal, hard, imitative and prosaic, or grotesque and fantastical. With the first, every thing revolves on the pivot of truth; with the other, this common centre is wanting. Genius is a law unto itself; talent must obey the law as it is written; and as it deviates, so it errs.

Perhaps no man was ever so peculiarly qualified to expound these distinctions as S. T. Coleridge. Certainly, in a few words he has thrown a flood of light upon the matter. 'Genius,' says he, 'finds in its own wants and instincts an interest in truths for their TRUTH'S SAKE.' Again: 'To possess the end in the means, as it is essential to morality in the moral world, and the contra-distinction from mere prudence, so it is in the intellectual world the *moral* constituent of genius, and that by which true genius is contra-distinguished from mere talent.' Even as the true moralist 'does right' not from the paltry and contemptible motive that 'honesty is the best policy,' but simply because it *is* right, so the man of genius develops the great power within him from a law of *its* being, and because he finds that power there. In another place he says: 'Genius is originality in intellectual construction; talent is the comparative facility of acquiring, arranging, and applying the stock furnished by others, and already existing in books, and other conservatories of intellect.' And in still another place: 'This is a good guage of genius, whether it progresses and evolves, or only spins upon itself.' These are golden sands, scattered here and there in the bed where the mighty current of his intellect flowed. I do but gather them up; I am not worthy to fuse or fashion them.

In the republic of the mind, genius is the source of power; talent is the executive or ministerial faculty. Genius invents and develops; talent collates and executes. Genius must not be confounded with Tact, or even Cleverness: these are but phases of talent, or its ready satellites, as imagination and Sensibility are phases of genius. Genius is a 'fiery particle,' deriving its light and color from within itself, and, like a burning coal, shines in the dark; talent borrows its lustre from without, and is seen only where there is light. Genius, too, leans to the poetical, and has a quality of feminineness, of which mere talent, hard and prosaic as it is, is deficient: indeed, genius is more common among women, while talent is more common among men.

In matters of judgment, I know not whether genius or talent is the more reliable; either, taken separately, can scarcely be trusted. The ideas of men of genius do so come in flashes—the blaze suddenly lighting up some part of a subject, like torch-light in a cavern, glaring with excess of light, thickening darkness as it repels it—that the understanding may be deceived. Hence may come partial views, eccentricity and sudden inconsistency, though with all real sincerity. Now, with men of talent the light is more steady, but there may be a deficiency of light.

Genius is versatile, strikes out a new spark at every blow, is inexhaustible, and, like nature, never repeats itself. Talent elaborates, perfects, and polishes its ideas; but they are finite, have ‘iteration in them,’ and bear a family resemblance. Genius is the child of impulse; talent is born of the will. Genius is irregular, unsteady, and ‘studious of new things;’ talent obeys an iron master, and its action wears and frets a channel, in which it flows the more easily and powerfully as it is sustained and assisted by the momentum of *habit*. Genius has no habits.

It would be a bold proposition to start, that such men as Bacon, Shakespeare, and Milton, were not men of genius; and yet it is true they were not men of *mere* genius. They had also prodigious talent, and they achieved their great works after so grand a manner, that they stand out like pyramids on the deserts of the past, colossal and sublime, because they had also talent commensurate for the magnificent schemes their genius planned. Now, this vital distinction must always be kept in view while analyzing a mind: and herein lies the main difficulty of considering this embarrassing subject, and the source of most of the confusion that prevails. There are many men of genius with little or no talent, and there are many men of talent with little or no genius. Of the two classes, *the former* is made of finer clay, and fashioned in a more exquisite mould; so that in an atmosphere purely intellectual and refined, they will be found rising higher than the latter; but in most instances, doubtless, they ‘die, and leave no sign,’ and are forgotten. *The latter* often do much work in their day and generation, and often to great and good purpose. The former are commonly too gentle and too sensitive for the rough rockings of the cradle of poverty and obscurity: except when lucky accident of birth or fortune rescues them from so sad a fate, and makes them *ornamental*, there is danger of their becoming mere drones, to encumber the face of the earth—*nati consumere fruges*. I have encountered many such an one. The others are the workers in the world; the ‘material aid’ that men of more imagination and subtler intellects press into their service. They are the intellectual ‘hewers of wood and drawers of water.’ God bless the utility of Talent! They hew down giant-oaks of the primeval forest, and, turning the furrow, let in the fructifying light of sunshine where murky shadows have slept for centuries; they circumnavigate the globe; they ransack the archives of antiquity; explore the recesses of antediluvian temples, and decipher their hieroglyphics; they unearth the ‘buried majesty’ of Egypt, and they drag up the secret treasures of the unfathomed caves of the ocean. God bless Talent! And yet, alas! as he that has the heart to conceive often lacks the power to do the work, so he that has the hands to do it, sometimes finds them idle, because he



hath neither eyes to see nor ears to hear; or, in colloquial phrase, cannot set himself to work. Nay, it is only when Genius bears the torch, and Talent gives its strength to the work, great deeds are accomplished. Then, 'by Saint Paul, the work goes bravely on!'

Genius without talent, I say, finds itself much at a loss how to get on in the world. Its peculiarities are oftentimes a bar to its progress. Talent without genius generally gets on bravely, and succeeds oftentimes from the absence rather than the presence of qualities; as a man with a conscience will starve sometimes, where a man without a conscience will thrive and fatten: nay, its very peculiarities, or rather want of peculiarities, remove many a stumbling-block from its path: for as we know, genius is full of tremulousness and sensibility, while talent is full of nerve and energy. Genius sees so much and feels so much, that without talent it is timid in action, and hesitates. It 'considers too curiously.' To borrow from Hamlet the great dramatist's type of genius, we may say it doubts by

—'thinking too precisely on the event;  
A thought which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom,  
And ever three parts coward:'

and finally puzzles itself into inaction. But, on the other hand, with talent, whatsoever its hands find to do, that does it, with all its might: nay, to give the whole picture, not unfrequently it 'rushes in where angels fear to tread.'

Beside, genius often derives more strength from the *heart* than the head. It is prone to be warm, tender, profuse, spontaneous, gushing, full of sympathy, and careless of itself and the morrow. It soothes and loves the weakness of humbler minds, and, by all these outlets, is constantly diverted from its purpose, and its time wasted: the tide in its affairs is *not* 'taken at the flood,' and opportunity is lost. Talent borrows little of the heart: is cold, prone to formality and elaborateness; is calculating, burns steadily, nurses its reputation, husbans its resources, spreads every inch of canvas, makes every thing 'tell:' nay, more, is cutting, sarcastic, and hates cordially the weakness of feeble men, and spurns them. Genius is fitful and erratic; talent is the essence of equanimity and imperturbableness. Moreover, genius groans at the curse of labor, and shudders at practical details; while talent likes to work, and cheerfully masters all practical details. Then genius is proud in the simple consciousness of possession; but talent glories in the manifestation of superiority. And, too, genius is full of doubleness and a riddle; is mystic, and walks in a cloud; but talent is single in purpose, plain, practical, no greater or other than it appears. Genius is exclusive, and dreads lest its household gods should be jostled and profaned by strangers and barbarians; but talent *has* no household gods. In short, to sum up the whole matter, genius should have talent combined with it, and talent should have genius to enable either to act with independence and compensating energy and success in the affairs of life. To quote from Coleridge: 'Genius must have talent as its complement and implement, just as imagination must have fancy; in short, the higher intellectual powers act through a corresponding energy of the lower.'

February, 1852.

## T H E F I V E - F O L D F I G H T .

A BALLAD OF MEXICO.

WRITTEN BY ALFRED B. STREET.

COME, neighbors, come! close ranks around! loud beats the driving snow:  
 I feel just in the mood to-night to talk of Mexico;  
 To tell ye what you oft have striven to draw from me in vain;  
 For, neighbors, I despise a tongue that cannot bear a rein:  
 I feel just in the mood to-night. Close ranks around the fire;  
 Let the fierce tempest rage without, we will not heed its ire:  
 Let the fierce tempest rage without, the red hearth crackles free:  
 I'll tell the tale of the five-fold fight, each fight a victory.

You know I joined the army late. I followed in its wake;  
 It was only at Jalapa I its rear could overtake:  
 I joined an upward baggage-train escorted by dragoons,  
 And left the sands of Vera Cruz by the loveliest of moons;  
 Dissolving in the warm night air, at every breath I drew,  
 The ravishing scent of the orange-flower extracted by the dew;  
 While silver pictures, formed of wood, field, stream, and hill-side, sketched  
 By the pencil of the moonlight, all around me sweetly stretched.

Oh! the glories of that journey! BELL! although a poet, ne'er  
 Hath e'en thy fancy painted scenes such as I witnessed there:  
 Such flowers, such trees, such rich blue heavens, such glorious sun-set dyes!  
 Such clear, soft, lustrous moon-lights, such splendid starry skies!  
 A world of pure enchantment seemed bright beaming all around;  
 A magic glowed in every sight, and breathed in every sound.

If thirsty, I but stretched my hand—an orange filled my hold;  
 If hungry, the banana straight displayed its mellow gold.  
 'What flashes 'mid the leaves are those,' I asked, 'green, blue, and red?'  
 'They're paroquets!' a grim dragoon with great mustachios said.  
 'And what those darting colors there, like blossoms taking wing?'  
 'Why, humming-birds!' again he said, and gave his spur a swing.

And then the scaly cocoa-umbrella for a giant,  
 And the lofty-climbing passion-flower, so graceful, wreathed, and pliant;  
 The tall, superb palmetto, with its leaves like bayonets,  
 And the cactus, that all round its bristling, bushy figure sets;  
 With the nameless flowers beneath, around, and o'er, in myriads spread,  
 That buried your feet, and twined your breast, and densely roofed your head.

And then the ripe pomegranate, that melts upon your lips,  
 And the glutinous, seedy fig, as sweet as drops the honey-comb drips;  
 The exquisite chirymoya; the banana, soft and smooth;  
 The cocoa's cool and limpid draughts, the feverish pulse that soothe;  
 The grape's plump, gushing lusciousness; the melon's sugary flesh;  
 The lemon's pungent fragrance; the pine-apple rich and fresh;



The grenadita's perfumed pulp; the cooling sugar-cane,  
And heaps on heaps of oranges, dropped all around like rain!

The first soft twilight that stole on, great gems of golden green,  
Sailing around I saw, so bright, they kindled up the scene:  
When one flashed by, the scabbard-tip, stirrup, and bridle-bit  
Of each dragoon gleamed clearly out as with a lightning-fit;  
Large as the eye-balls of my mule, they glittered and they flew,  
Till through the gathering dusk long threads of lambent flame they drew.  
What were they, neighbors, think ye? They were fire-flies! but, ye powers!  
Planets to fluttering chimney-sparks compared with those of ours!

Then the village, with its plaza, where the church stands still and dark,  
And the village fandango-dancers, each as merry as a lark;  
The horseman at the cross-road near, curvetting in his pride,  
With his rich saddle, striped sarape, long spurs, sombrero wide;  
The Arriero, winding slow, up, up the mountain-way,  
His mule-bells tinkling sweetly, and his loud song echoing gay;  
And the way-side girls, all offering milk and plantains as we passed,  
The sweeter for the eye-shots bright, and dimpling smiles they cast.

It was at fair Jalapa, as I said, I joined the host,  
Jalapa fair and beautiful, Sierra Madre's boast!  
Oh, the rows of graceful dwellings! oh, the gardens thronged with flowers!  
The fields on fields of waving grain, the clustering orange-bowers!  
The brilliant days, yet bland and cool; the soft and fragrant nights!  
Jalapa, of all Mexico, the fullest of delights!

At length we left Jalapa, our knapsacks loaded down  
With delicate fruits, our persons wreathed with flowers from foot to crown.  
We passed Perote, whose chest-like peak a snowless grandeur showed;  
Up, up we climbed, until we gained the summit of our road,  
The last of those great terraces from Vera Cruz ascending,  
And then again to where spreads out Pacific's grandeur, bending.

Oh! many were the villages we went at twilight in:  
We found them steeped in quiet, we filled them with our din:  
The doors and cage-like balconies, as through the streets we filed,  
Sombremos and rebosas showed, fierce eyes and faces wild.  
The Arriero in the plaza drove his mule away;  
The maiden left the water-tank; the lepero would not stay,  
Though stretched in shade upon his back; and quick the peon's bound,  
As we passed along with measured tramp, and drum and trumpet sound.

Then the merry fandangos at moonlight, within the rancho's wall —  
How oft doth Memory those sweet times of joyous mirth recall!  
Each señorita's little feet seemed spinning in the air,  
So light they sprang up from the earth, as the waltz went whirling there:  
Each little form had willowy grace, and sparkling every glance:  
'Si, Señor Americanos!' they lisped, as we asked them for the dance,  
And off we whirled, and round we whirled, while stood the hombres nigh,  
With jealousy on each scowling brow, and in each snaky eye.

At length we came to a summit, and looked down on a plain  
Girt round with lofty mountains, and level as the main;  
Far, far away it stretched, with woods, and villages, and fields,  
Waving and smiling with the charms that cultivation yields:

And in the midst, like an island, were roofs in a cluster wide,  
With two great peaks of gleaming snow, built up in the sky beside.

'Twas Mexico, with its plain! Hurrah! hurrah! the goal is won!  
The Halls of the MONTEZUMAS there are flashing back the sun.  
The goal is reached — But, soft — the foe, the foe is in our way!  
No matter! our arms are in our hands; no force our path can stay:  
What stays the American eagle? not surely the Aztec snake!  
Through all his batteries and his walls our throngs in scorn will break.

Now all was vivid action; all hearts were highly strung;  
Low talk amid the ranks all day, in the night-tents loud the tongue.  
One fair-haired boy I noticed: beside his sire he marched,  
With springing step, and soft blue eye, and brow like a woman's arched.  
His father was old but vigorous; he bore his musket strong,  
And much he loved on his son to gaze, and cheer his steps along.

We passed through fields of barley, we passed through fields of maize,  
We passed by haciendas white, in the fierce, broad, burning rays;  
Each moment brought us nearer — my bosom bounded higher,  
And stronger I my musket grasped, until my blood seemed fire;  
I longed to have the conflict come — though, neighbors, a kind of dread  
Stole o'er when I thought a few days more might see me with the dead!  
I thought of this, my native home, of my mother, and then of prayer;  
For oft I had knelt me at her side, to ask the ALMIGHTY's care.

But on we marched by field and stream; and as they came, we oft  
Caught glimpses short of the waiting foe on the level or aloft:  
Now, through the gold of the waving grain, we saw the weapons high,  
Bright yellow cloaks and crimson caps of the lancers filing by,  
And, manœuvring near the batteries, the dresses white and green  
Of infantry, as in squares they stood, or filed across the scene.

Another day we onward marched: 'twas the nineteenth of August now:  
Before us reared Contreras his fortified, wild brow.  
That was the point of attack, we knew. I sat down on a drum,  
Late pouring its rattling music, and I felt the time had come.  
My musket I viewed, and thought how soon 'twould be, as I turned it o'er,  
Black with the grimy powder, or red with the gushing gore!

I looked at the ranks, as they stood around, and I thought how soon might they,  
'Mid shrieks, and groans, and iron hail, be gasping their lives away:  
I laid my hand on my heart — how soon its pulses might be still!  
But off with thought! with folly 'twas fraught: I looked at that fortified hill.

The night was dark and rainy; at length the day-dawn came;  
'Twas the twentieth day of August, that day of eternal fame:  
With ranks close-dressed, and haughty crest we passed up toward the height,  
Which opened upon us its batteries, but could not arrest our might:  
Right through the storm of flame and hail, right through, right through we  
rushed:  
What though our corpses strewed the earth; what though the strewed earth  
blushed?  
Right through, right through, up, up we flew; and a moment scarce it seemed,  
Before on the height of Contreras our starry banner gleamed!

But on! no rest, no rest to-day: Antonio must be won!  
Beyond us Churubusco is glittering in the sun:  
On, on we go toward the fortified foe; we dash like a billow there;  
We drive our foes — Antonio shows our banner again in air!  
On, on to Churubusco, where the Aztec vulture's flight  
Is stayed for one more desperate stand, in fiercest, angriest might.

All now is scene of wildest strife: the fortified bridge is here,  
Feeling the blows of the dashing Worth; San Pablo's convent near  
Is reeling before the gallant Twigg; thick smoke-clouds, rolling, spread,  
Through whose dark haze shoots the cannon's blaze; the ground is drenched in  
red;  
Whole ranks melt off; groans, shrieks peal up; stern thunder shakes the ground:  
Man's heart is now but the tiger's heart, his step but the tiger's bound!

Still ranks melt off; still yells peal up; still bursts the cannon's roar:  
Ha! is the foe retreating there? On! on! he flies before:  
He leaves the heaped-up bloody bridge: San Pablo only now  
Is launching lessening thunders from his half-conquered brow!

In, in we pour our deadly shots; in, in — But see! but see!  
The white flags from San Pablo stream — the foe is on his knee;  
Victory, victory! O'er the head of Churubusco streams  
Once more our flag, that fairly seems to blaze with trophied gleams!

But still no rest: press on! press on! the foe makes one more stand  
Between us and the city, a stern and desperate band;  
His foot in threatening columns, in crowded mass his horse,  
And battle's music peals again, in fiercer, wilder force:  
Again the dead and dying, again the streams of gore,  
Again the shout blends in with shriek, again the bullets pour!

Now in deep thunder charge the horse, then volleys load the air,  
And then the cannon shakes the earth, smoke wreathes up every where:  
We press the foe — they fly: but now a grape-shot struck my knee,  
And down I fell! My comrades passed, without a thought of me.

As on the plain I lay in pain, I saw a sight which still,  
Good neighbors, makes the inmost chord within my bosom thrill!  
As there I lay, I saw before a slender Mexic boy —  
He was no doubt a father's pride, a loving mother's joy:  
Oh! he was wounded sorely; he had scarcely strength to run;  
Behind him was a tall dragoon, with sword bare in the sun:  
He did not mean to do it, neighbors; I think he did not mean  
To harm the boy, the bleeding boy; but I saw him forward lean:  
The boy had fallen upon his knees, his hands were up in prayer —  
He could not have meant to kill the child, thus kneeling in despair!

Forward I staggered! the boy shrill shrieked — he fell; and the fiery horse  
Plunged his sharp fore-feet down, and left behind a trampled course!  
He could not have meant to do it; his heart held battle's wrath,  
And doubtless he did not see who there was praying in his path;  
But then, with a heart boiling over with flame, I called on him to turn:  
I felt I should like to have slain him, for my heart was very stern.

Oh! how I wished to strike him low; to grasp, when overthrown,  
His throat, and hear him humbly beg for mercy he did not own!

Just then, I saw another scene, which from this took the sting:  
I saw a wounded Mexican in death's convulsive cling;  
He too was a slender, delicate boy, and beside him, bleeding, lay  
A soldier of my country, whom age was turning gray;  
He was placing to his gasping mouth, as I saw him, his canteen —  
And, neighbors, you must know the thirst of a bloody death is keen —  
He was placing it to his mouth, I say, when brokenly from the child  
Came, 'Water! water!' spoken in tones how thrilling and how wild!

The soldier paused: perhaps the boy reminded him of his own;  
He gazed upon him, as the child sank back with feeble moan;  
He placed the little fellow upon his streaming breast,  
Set the canteen to his pallid lips, then close his figure pressed.  
I watched them both; both gasped in death; the little boy's head at last  
Dropped to his breast — the man fell back — the spirits of both had passed!

But now I feebly rose again; I staggered slowly on:  
Oh! the dread sight of the battle-field, when battle's flame is done!  
The dead in heaps, the dying in heaps, all soaking, all soaking in blood,  
As, neighbors, we see, in autumn rains, the heaped leaves of the wood.  
But I cannot, cannot relate the sight: beside, I fell again,  
For keen, most keen now throbbed my wound; I writhed on the ground in pain.

A thrilling, sorrowful moaning my sight one side me drew,  
And there I saw the father and son that I have described to you:  
That fair haired-son, with his soft blue eye, that father, with locks of white —  
Alas, good neighbors! believe me, it was a very sorrowful sight!  
The son was bleeding to death; the sire was vainly trying to check  
The thick and purple blood that fast was flowing from his neck.

I heard the son say, 'Father, father, do not weep for me!  
Mother, dear mother! oh that thy face thy son could once more see!'  
Oh! wild, wild burst the father's sobs: 'My boy, my boy!' he moaned,  
And rocked his old frame to and fro, as the boy more feebly groaned:  
The handkerchief he had wrapped around the child's neck dripped with gore;  
Closer and closer he clasped him: 'My boy! my boy!' repeating o'er.  
I felt as if my heart would break: but now a shout I heard,  
A thunder of hoofs: I turned, I looked, and by, like a skimming bird,  
His steed all foam, his face all fire, wild shouts upon his tongue,  
Waving his sword above his head, the gallant KEARNEY sprung;  
Past swept his men, with galloping hoofs; the next a darkness came  
Across my eyes, and suddenly back I fell with nerveless frame.

Long, neighbors, did I lie and groan in the hospital's dreary gloom;  
I thank my God that in its air I did not find a tomb!  
At length I rose. Meanwhile, our troops more bloody fields had fought,  
Molino del Rey and Chapultepec, and the city's fall had wrought;  
Our noble Scott had entered in, with triumph on his brow;  
God bless him! his tall, majestic form I see before me now!  
I joined another baggage-train, saw Vera Cruz once more,  
Then, thanks to HEAVEN, came home again — and my long talk is o'er.

## A N E P I S O D E

## IN THE HISTORY OF THE HOUSE OF BEBLOWD.

THE founder of the ancient house of BEBLOWD came over with the Conqueror. He also 'came over' the Conqueror, and, on pretence of reward for some hard fighting, was presented by the gallant Norman with a large grant of land in a flourishing section of the conquered isle. The great Beblowd discovering a castle ready built to his hands upon his land, walked into it one morning, with a few gentlemen retainers of his, and stole it, together with what personal property he found about it. That castle is held by his descendants to this day.

At the time this sketch opens, Sir William Beblowd, the third of the name and line, reigned in Castle Beblowd. This warrior gave himself up to the rational pursuits of a knight of those times: he got drunk, went hunting, made an occasional foray on some weaker neighbor, and sometimes varied the monotony of his life with a duel. Sir William entertained that high and enthusiastic admiration of the fair sex, which was rife with gentlemen of his style of life in chivalrous times. He loved them in the lump; that is to say, the presentable portion of them. Yet Sir William was unmarried. Three or four sturdy-looking cubs, each bearing sufficient resemblance to the knight to be young Beblowds, could be seen, in fair weather, gambolling about the castle, occasionally riding a stray gelding to water, or slyly tormenting a superannuated stag hound. These youths, I regret to say, claimed Sir William as a father, yet was he unmarried. And an old bachelor-life was beginning to tell on him, and a Mrs. Beblowd was every day becoming more and more necessary, to prevent him from going to the devil. Sir William was still young, although his mode of life caused him to bear his years somewhat heavily. His nose betrayed the vintages of many a season, for the knight was not particular about the flavor of his liquor, provided it was strong; his dark hair was gradually creeping back from his forehead, from the constant pressure of a heavy and not particularly bright head-piece; his hands were hard and horny from the wearing of steel gloves; and the probability is, that his elbows and knees were extensively 'barked' from the frequent use of a jacket and trousers of the same durable material. There was a trifling imperfection in his speech, owing to the loss of two of his front teeth, the result of an ineffectual attempt to swallow a silver goblet, which one of his table-companions, in a fit of maudlin eccentricity, had thrown at his head across the table, during a debauch in early youth. But Sir William had never been proud of his good looks, and, at the time, had only smiled at this erratic flight of friendship.

The knight was now nearly thirty, and wished to be married; beside, he had experienced something approaching a change in his feelings. The sight even of the young Beblowds reproached him more and more, as they increased in years; and their father, as he gave them a sidelong glance, or perhaps a kick, as they got in his way, would heave a pious sigh, and say to himself that it wasn't exactly the thing for a Christian; and Sir William *was* a Christian as matters went in those days. The

mothers—there were three or four of them—of these young branches, every day pressed the knight to be made honest women of; but it wasn't from their station that he wished to pick a wife; and, beside, one don't like to pay a price for a thing after having received it as a free gift.

Matters were generally getting mixed up at the castle: every day some of the young Beblowds would have a fight; and on one occasion one young man tossed a half-brother into the moat, and he was nearly drowned. At another, two of the Mrs. Beblowds got into a little difficulty on their way to the castle, and a charge of men-at-arms was required to separate them. These occurrences proved to Sir William that a lawful mistress was necessary for the order of his household, and a lawful heir was wanted for the pickings and stealings of his ancestors.

He turned away his father-confessor, whose habits were getting bad, and took a new one, who didn't get tipsy so often. He then went through a regular course of confession, and felt better. He was more moderate in his living; drank light wines, and wasn't carried to bed so often. He began to look about him for a wife, and had a new hunting-suit made to go courting in. All at once, the image of Lady Alice Overrule, the daughter of a neighboring knight, glanced across his mind. The image pleased him; he immediately ordered his horse to be saddled, and, getting together a suitable body of men-at-arms to accompany him, was about to start and request the honor of the lady's alliance, when he remembered that some few months before he had made a descent upon her father's domain, and driven off some forty head of cattle. He ordered his charger back to the stable, told his men not to stand about there, looking like fools, and sat down to cogitate.

Sir William Beblowd was more a man of action than of thought, and his musings arrived at no satisfactory termination. He requested the presence of his new father-confessor, the individual who was allowed, by the customs of the times, to do his thinking and praying for him. Father Deadnettle left a jug of 'heavy-wet' and approached the lord of the castle.

'My son,' meekly commenced the amiable priest, 'I am here.' The head of the line of the Beblowds said naught.

'My son,' resumed the *padre*, 'if you have committed some slight murder, I am ready to confess and absolve you.'

Sir William replied by an angry gesture of dissent.

'Peradventure you have increased your worldly store with some of your neighbor's goods. Confess, my son; the holy Church is merciful.'

However true this last venture of the priest might be, still it hardly touched the cause of the knight's thoughtfulness. The father remained silent for a few minutes. Sir William sighed heavily, and seemed to be in a miserable state. At last he looked at the priest, but the dull and somewhat jolly *physique* of that good-natured, but rather slow, minister of the gospel, afforded him but little satisfaction. He plunged at once into the subject nearest his heart.

'I'll tell you what, Father Deadnettle,' exclaimed the knight, 'I can't stand this any longer: I want a wife.'

'A wife!' cried the priest. 'You are pretty well supplied in that way already—four living ladies to my knowledge. Don't bring another



about you at present, my son, for I have a hard time of it now : ' and he sighed. ' They have little respect for my cloth ; and Gertrude, the youngest of your harem, ducked me with cold water from the tower yesterday, probably because I'm ahead of her in a moral point of view.'

' Pshaw ! ' blurted out his patron. ' I want a real one, this time ; a real Lady Beblowd.'

' Oh ! ' said the priest, greatly relieved ; ' you want to be married with the rites of the Church. But pray, my son, what shall we do with the present lot ? '

' Let 'em alone,' growled the knight.

' That's all very well,' replied Father Deadnettle, ' but I'm afraid they won't let you alone.'

' Won't they ! ' cried Sir William, in a rage ; ' we'll see ! I'll have them banished from the environs of the castle, and lock 'em up if they come within ten miles of it.'

' Please you to remember, Sir William, there are four of them,' remonstrated the father.

' I don't care a — if there were forty ! But, father, I've thought of a wife this long while ; I want somebody to regulate the domestic affairs of the castle, and the estate needs an heir-male. What think you of Lady Alice Overrule ? '

' A good choice ; she would do,' assented the priest.

' But I took some of her father's cattle, some months since, and that would rather stand in my way.'

' Rather,' drily answered the *padre*. ' Refund, my son ; put matters on an even footing, and start fair again.'

' But the beasts have been nearly consumed,' said Sir William, ' by these hungry devils about the castle. I can't refund.'

' These are stirring times,' insinuated the wicked priest, ' and each strong arm may help itself. Cattle are plenty and rather fatter to the south'ard. My son, pay Sir Robert Overrule with interest.'

' True : you're right,' exclaimed the knight. And the conference ended, the priest satisfied at having given ease to the mind of his employer, and Sir William elated at the prospect of a new foray.

The day broke slowly. The rising wind betokened rough weather, for the summer was crowding hard upon the heels of autumn ; the light peered above the eastern hills, stealthily at first, as if afraid to take possession of the field until his old enemy, darkness, should be ready to tramp. The tall trees groaned as they shook off the night's sleep, and lazily waved and stretched themselves for another day. And as nature gradually opened her eyes, the menials and retainers about the castle aroused themselves and bustled about, preparing for a grand southern descent that Sir William was about making on an old enemy of his at the south. To be sure, the quarrel had slumbered for many years, but interest demanded its renewal, and so at it again Sir William went.

The knight was absent about a week, and returned with some hundred head of cattle, some other little matters of property, and a very bad cut over the left eye. Sir William was naturally of a generous disposition — most people give freely what they get by stealing — so he deter-

mined to dispatch the whole hundred head to Sir Robert Overrule, as principal and interest on the forty head he had 'lifted' from that knight. Away they went, guarded by a strong detachment, and when they reached Sir Robert's castle, he was, for the first time, informed that Sir William Beblowd coveted his daughter, and wished to know what the chance was.

Sir Robert was a gentleman of the old school; he was pleased with the cattle: the present was unexpected, and therefore doubly welcome; and he thought that the usury allowed on his forty head was extremely liberal, even in those days of extra heavy interest. He was a gentleman, as I have said, and gentlemen are easily satisfied. Sir Robert was, at any rate, and gladly promised his daughter to Sir William, without any humbug or ceremony about it. Sir William then rode over to visit his proposed father-in-law. The pair swore eternal friendship to each other, and made an arrangement by which, in future, all expeditions to the south should be conducted on joint account.

LADY ALICE OVERRULE was very handsome, and extremely accomplished; that is to say, although she could neither read nor write, she could sing old ballads beautifully, and work tapestry like an angel. Lady Alice had a mind of her own, and decidedly refused to become the wife of Sir William Beblowd. She was immediately put on vegetable diet by her fond father, locked up in the highest apartment in the castle, and allowed to see no body, not even her maid. Human nature could n't stand this long, of course, and at the expiration of two weeks, Lady Alice gave in. She was married in great style the next day.

The old chronicles will tell you how marriages in high life were consummated in the days of William the Conqueror and his immediate successors. I will not detain you here with a garbled account of the ceremony. Of the main features, however, one was the roasting of an entire ox, by which style of cooking some of the wedding-guests, who arrived at the eleventh hour, received some of the inside portion of the beast, and swallowed some very rare-done meat; another was, the general inebriation of the male portion of the company. The ladies were sober, bless them! but were compelled to retire to their own apartments, and lock themselves in until the next morning.

Lady Alice was escorted to her husband's residence by twenty men-at-arms; she was surly during the journey, and refused to answer her lord when he addressed her. Sir William, being a newly-married man, hardly knew what to do under these novel circumstances, and getting rather sore under the infliction, smote a fat page, who happened to be near him, with the butt of his lance, and told him to mind his own business. The youth being of an amiable disposition, and not being conscious of having minded any one's business but his own, was affected almost to tears.

On the night of their arrival at Sir William's castle, a grand entertainment was given, at which drunkenness was again very rife. This over, the matter was considered settled, and all parties applied themselves to the ordinary business of life.

But what a change soon came over the castle! Lady Alice carried it with a high hand; and as it never came to a pitched battle between

Sir William and the lady—for he submitted early—she had it all her own way from the start. She banished the former Mrs. Beblowds miles away; she rated Sir William severely on his late mode of life, and it certainly was the knight's weak point, but he had very little to say about it; she touched on the temperance question, and cut down his allowance of liquor; especially was she hard on the poor priest, who was an easy, good-natured, drunken soul, and had not energy enough to stand up for his own rights and those of the Church. The poor *padre* and Sir William would condole with each other in private, and many a plan was devised to break the thralldom to which they were subjected. The tyranny was terrible; weeks of misery passed, and both felt that something ought to be done. Readers may think it odd that the rough and arbitrary knight should allow his wife to rule the roast; none of his former loves had dared to oppose him in the least. The reason is simple: Sir William, unexpectedly even to himself, had fallen in love with his wife, and the lady had discovered the pleasant secret early, and made the most of her power.

Conference after conference was held between the priest and the knight, but no satisfactory scheme was advanced by either to smooth the family difficulties. Indeed, Sir William's invention was not brilliant, and the intellect of his ghostly adviser had been thickened by good living and a life of freedom from family cares. One night, after the customary conversation upon the subject, they had relapsed into silence; they drank frequently and gazed upon the tapestry. They would, doubtless, have derived a deal of comfort from smoking; but it was long before the age of gallant Sir Walter, and the accomplished adventurer had not then imported from the New-World that deleterious habit of the aborigines of America. At last, the priest jumped from his seat with something very like an oath:

'I'll tell you what, Sir William,' cried he, 'we'll frighten her into submission!'

'Frighten!' growled the knight, 'I've tried that: it won't do!'

'Ah!' said the priest, 'you didn't use the right means.'

'Didn't I? perhaps you can do it better!' replied Sir William, with a contemptuous glance at the portly form and good-humored face of his companion.

• 'I think I can,' coolly answered the priest. 'Do you believe in ghosts?'

Sir William shook slightly and answered in the negative. Sir William spoke like a false knight, for I am of opinion he believed, after all.

'I don't, either,' said the *padre*, 'and I defy the spirits of the whole universe, if there be any, to get any advantage of me.' And the holy man murmured a hasty Latin prayer: the Latin was poor, but the prayer was poorer, so I'll not repeat it here.

'Well, well,' cried the knight, testily, 'what has all this gammon about ghosts got to do with the matter in question?'

'Simply this,' said his adviser: 'we'll try a little of the supernatural; I'll play the ghost.'

'Blast it, Father Deadnettle, you're too fat,' remonstrated the knight,

who didn't half like the idea. His faith in the beings of another world began to increase.

'Nonsense, my son,' said the good father, 'only let me try it. Beside, there's some fun in it, and you know we haven't had any of that for many weeks.'

'True!' muttered his patron, with a sigh. 'Let's have a hunt to-morrow; that's fun alive.'

'No, my son, we'll have the ghost to-morrow, and then, perhaps, the hunt. Listen to my plan:'

We will draw a curtain over the conference, and take up the story again after the lapse of some hours.

In one of the best apartments of the castle, of which she had taken possession on her first entrance into the pile, sat Lady Alice. The night was chilly, and a great fire was blazing in the primitive fire-place; the lady gazed at the embers, and occasionally sighed; ever and anon the cold autumn-wind rushed through the cracks in the masonry, and shook the tapestry; and sometimes the loud voices of the people below could be distinguished, as they yelled a noisy chorus over a late orgie in the great dining-hall. This at last ceased, and there was quiet in the castle.

The room grew darker, and the lady shivered a little from the chilliness which increased in the apartment. She was bending forward to put a fresh log upon the fire, when she distinctly heard the clank of chains. She shuddered. There *is* something ghostly in that sound, particularly when heard in the watches of the night; and that's the reason, probably, why it is tried when a supernatural effect is wanted in melodramas on the stage. The heart of Lady Alice beat fearfully against her pretty bodice, as she caught the sound of a heavy-measured tramp approaching the chambers, and, at intervals, the melancholy, solemn clank of a heavy chain. Suddenly it paused. Lady Alice could scarcely refrain from shrieking aloud; but she possessed a strong will of her own, and remained silent, but breathing short and heavily. Again was the sound heard, and the tapestry at one end of the room trembled; and from an aperture in the hangings there stepped out into the still increasing gloom a figure, the strangeness of which would have caused astonishment, if not terror, in the heart of any lady of the land.

Clothed in a quaint costume, combining the style of the age of the Conqueror with scraps of apparel of a later time, stood a form which made up in portliness what it lacked in height. The upper portion of the visage was concealed by a slouched hat; while over the broad shoulders streamed locks as white as snow. From the waist depended a heavy chain, which reached to the floor. That portion of the face which was exposed was pale as death, but of an extraordinary plumpness. This figure, having placed itself within the chamber, gazed fixedly at Lady Alice with one eye, the other being obscured by the hat. The lady had, on its first entrance, placed the table between the form and herself; but she now recovered her courage, and came in front of her bulwark: and truly there was a tinge of comicality in the appearance of her visitor as she became accustomed to it, which banished her former feelings of ter-

ror. She waited for the form to speak, but no sound came from its lips. She spoke herself:

‘Who are you?’

No answer.

‘What want you here?’

No answer.

‘From what place come you? Speak!’

The figure pointed vaguely *down* with its finger.

‘Oh, you are from down below?’ said Lady Alice.

The form, by an expressive pantomimic gesture, intimated that it was from a very great distance down below.

‘Your name?’

‘I am Sir Hildebrand Beblowd,’ said the ghost, in a low, deep voice, ‘your husband’s grand-father. I am summoned from the grave to reproach you for the course of life you are leading Sir William. Repent, lady!’

‘Well, Sir Hildebrand,’ replied Lady Alice, in an easy, conversational tone, ‘I’m sorry you troubled yourself on my account. You must have come some distance.’

‘Daughter, repent!’ continued the ghost, ‘and trouble me no more.’

‘Why do you wear that chain?’ said Lady Alice, turning the conversation; ‘it seems to me to be rather heavy, and quite unnecessary.’

‘Daughter, it is a punishment for the sins of the body.’

‘Indeed!’ exclaimed Lady Alice, sarcastically: ‘they seem to get up rather substantial-looking chains down below. I’ll trouble you for a nearer look at it.’

As the lady slowly approached the ghost, that supernatural being backed toward the tapestry; but the lady was too expeditious, and seized him by the collar just as he was about disappearing through the aperture by which he entered.

‘It won’t do, Father Deadnettle,’ cried she: ‘it’s too clumsily done, and you’re too fat for this business.’

‘Oh, forgive me!’ exclaimed the unsuccessful actor, falling on his knees. ‘It was Sir William’s doings!’

Lady Alice said naught. She seized a stout cudgel from the fire-place, and the yells of that miserable priest soon aroused the household. He finally succeeded in escaping from the room; but the chain getting between his legs, he made but one step from the top to the bottom of the stairs, where Sir William was awaiting him. The gallant warrior raised the defeated debutant with an oath.

‘What the devil have you been doing, priest?’

‘I’ve made a failure, Sir William,’ said the unhappy *padre*. ‘Look out for your wife!’

And it may be mentioned here, that the knight did look out for his wife, and didn’t put himself in her way that night, at any rate.

AND now there is a serious matter to recount; and, were it not well attested by the old chronicles, the relator would feel diffident about laying it before the public. However, the reader will believe it or not, as he chooses; and the historian (if the writer may borrow that noble expression) can only pledge his word to the incredulous, that he himself believes

it as firmly as he does thousands of other matters which are daily found in the current literature of the day.

Sir William was sitting alone the next night in his private drinking-room, and at precisely twelve o'clock he was, by some strange impulse, induced to turn his head, and see what was behind him, (children have this feeling sometimes. 'Young Knick' will, doubtless, so aver :) and there he discovered, invested in a dim halo, a form which, at the first glance, he knew belonged not to this world. The apparition was clothed in rusty armor, and its entire appearance was highly ghostly.

The knight, who, being probably 'littered under Mercury,' could steal whatever he might notice that was valuable, who could kill an enemy, and still feel very comfortable about the heart, shook from head to foot now.

'Good heavens!' exclaimed he, doffing his cap, and paying obeisance to the ghost, 'what art thou?'

'Son,' said the Shape, 'you have perilled your soul, and that unworthy priest is at the bottom of it. Why have you done this? Speak, for I am your father's spirit!'

Sir William's teeth chattered, and he muttered something incoherently.

'You have been getting up an imitation of the ghost of my father, your grand-father,' said the Shape, and his voice struck to the soul of the living descendant of the race. 'You have insulted the dead!'

'Father,' tremblingly said Sir William, 'it was that d—— d priest put me up to it.'

It will be remarked that, with selfish turpitude, Sir William and the *padre* shifted their sins upon each other's shoulders, as occasion required.

'You have no excuse, boy!' (Sir William was over thirty!) replied the elder Beblowd. 'I have been sent from the other world to warn you. Repent in time, or you will be lost for ever. Meddle not with the powers above you. Why should you invade their territory? The earth is here for you to bustle in.'

'But, father, she is so hard on me,' replied Sir William; 'and so I—or rather Father Deadnettle—that is, we—thought we would try this last game on her.'

'And a nice thing you made of it!' said the spirit, with ghostly scorn.

'I confess it was a failure,' answered the son; 'the priest was tipsy. But, father, I love her: what shall I do?'

The shadow mused, shook its head, and then, as if struck by an old remembrance, said: 'Your mother was like her, William. She led me the devil's own life. But,' added he, unconsciously, while a sardonic grin passed over his face, 'she is having her reward for it now.'

'Sit down, father,' said the dutiful son; and the ghost of the elder Beblowd, calming suddenly, sat down, and crossed one leg over the other, as he was wont to do in life.

'Drink, sire,' said Sir William, shoving the jug over to his companion.

'I will, my boy,' replied the ghost, 'for old acquaintance sake. I've rather lost my taste for the drinks of this world; we have hotter drinks down there.'

The spirit drank once; he drank twice; he drank thrice; then paused, and smiled upon his son. Sir William felt relieved.



'Send for the priest,' said the ghost. That divine appeared. As he entered the apartment, and noticed the company, he started, and muttered Latin prayers and exorcisms. But his knowledge of the language was limited, and his words produced no visible effect upon the ghost of the late Beblowd.

'Introduce me,' said the spirit, bluntly. And that ceremony being finished, the spirit addressed Father Deadnettle.

'Priest, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Your doings are talked of in the lower world by the devil, to my certain knowledge; and unless your habits change, he will be shaking hands with you one of these days. You play the ghost, do you?'

'Pardon me, amiable Sir,' cried the father, 'but Sir William was at the bottom of it.'

'What an infernal lie!' exclaimed the knight. 'Don't believe a word of it, father.'

'You know you did,' persisted the priest. 'You helped dress me, and insisted upon hanging about me that plague of a chain, which tripped me down stairs, and ——'

'Oh, shut up!' said the lord of the castle; 'don't bother.'

'My son,' remonstrated the ghost, taking another horn, 'let the priest alone. I begin to think one is as bad as the other. Listen: try some other way than the last on your wife, or I won't be responsible for the consequences. Sit down, Father Deadnettle,' added the spirit, condescendingly. And that worthy took a seat at the farther end of the room.

'Now, father,' said Sir William, 'don't you think you might aid me in this matter? Why can't you visit my wife, and frighten her into her duty?'

'I!' exclaimed the ghost. 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself, to make such a proposition to the spirit of your father.'

'True,' said the knight, sighing; 'I beg pardon. Drink, sire.'

The spirit drank.

'She is rather susceptible to ghosts, though,' said Sir William, after a short pause. 'If I could get some kind spirit to try it! Don't you know of any one that might ——'

'Hold your tongue, William!' said the governor.

'Excuse me,' murmured Sir William, almost in despair. 'Drink, sire.'

The spirit drank. The liquor was beginning to tell on him.

'Can't you do it for the fun of the thing?' asked the knight, returning to the charge.

'You press me, boy; it's unfilial,' said the parent, smiling faintly.

'The matter troubles me, but never mind. Drink, sire.'

The spirit drank. He raised his shadow-like visage from the flagon, and Sir William distinctly observed him wink at the priest. The knight saw that the ghost was relenting.

'Won't you do it for the sake of the house?' said Sir William.

'Hang it, Bill, I will!' exclaimed the apparition.

'Good! Drink, sire.'

The spirit drank, and, as the cock crew, very unsteadily vanished.

When, at the next midnight, Lady Alice was awakened from a sound

slumber by strange, unearthly noises, she was startled at finding her chamber lighted up, although no visible cause of the illumination at first met her eye. She soon, however, discerned a figure standing near the entrance, about which gleamed a light which rendered every article in the room distinctly visible. That figure was the ghost of Sir William's father, who reappeared that night for the benefit of his son. He was attired in the same rusty armor which he wore the night before, and fixed on the lady a vacant, horrid stare, as she hastily stepped from her couch to the floor.

'What trick is this?' exclaimed she. 'Who takes the priest's part to-night?'

'I am the spirit of thy husband's father,' commenced the apparition.

'You are?' interrupted the lady: 'it will be well for you if you speak sooth, for I'll be the death of you if you are not.' And she seized the friendly cudgel.

'Pause, child!' calmly said the ghost: 'your soul ——'

'Never mind my soul!' cried the lady, in a rage, 'but catch that if you can!'

Lady Alice made a savage blow at her visitor with the heavy staff, but his form, seemingly stout and hearty to the sight, was but as vapor when the weapon touched it. The stick fell from her hand; her beautiful eyes were distended with fear. She made a shuddering motion, as if to touch the shape, but a dizziness blinded her in the effort, and she fell swooning to the floor.

When she recovered, the ghost was standing over her. What transpired during that strange interview was never made public by Lady Alice; but on the ensuing morning her disposition was entirely changed. She sent for Sir William, and, in the course of conversation, conducted herself like a dutiful spouse. The knight departed from her presence with an erect mien; and as he passed the priest on his way to the stables, he gave a knowing wink, and said in an under-tone, exultingly, 'It's done; the old man has kept his promise.'

Lady Alice became a model for wives in that section of the country. Years rolled on, until, with all his faults, she felt a deep interest and even love for her husband. At stated periods, when she presented the house of Beblowd with a new instalment of their race, a shadow-like form, clothed in rusty armor, would be seen, on the night of the birth, bending over the infant; and then, nodding approvingly at the mother, it would glide on to Sir William's private chamber. It was the spirit of the elder Beblowd, who, if we may believe a popular superstition, watched over the fortunes of the house for many a year afterward.

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'THROUGH MUCH TRIBULATION.'

BUT for that contention and brave strife  
The CHRISTIAN hath to enjoy, the future life,  
He were the wretchedest of the race of men;  
But as he soars at that, he bruiseth then  
The Serpent's head; gets above death and sin,  
And, sure of Heaven, rides triumphing in.

## THE LOCKET: AN ANCIENT BALLAD.

BY RICHARD HAYWARDE.

And thrice her lily-hand he wrung,  
And kissed her lip so sweet;  
Then, by the mane and stirrup, flung  
Himself into his seat.

And as he galloped through the town,  
He said, 'Though we must part,  
May HEAVEN prove false to me, if I  
Prove false to thee, sweetheart.'

Then by a silken string he drew  
A locket quaint and old;  
The ore and braid, with leaves inlaid,  
Was like a marigold.

He sighed amain, and touched the spring;  
Aside he brushed a tear;  
Smiled out; quoth he: 'This pledge may bring  
A cradle or a bier.'

Beneath a leaden, murderous sky,  
The roaring cannons glow;  
With thunderous wound they scar the ground,  
While loud the trumpets blow.

The air is filled with bloody foam,  
The sword is torn and wet  
By ball and shot, and corpse and clot,  
And deadly bayonet.

But where you band the foeman dares,  
The noblest, bravest, best,  
Is he who in the battle bears  
A locket on his breast.

He cheers them on! A bullet speeds!  
'What means that sudden start?'  
*The mark!* the locket and the braid  
Is driven in his heart.

They buried him at Vesper Hill,  
The old kirk-wall beside;  
The red kirk tolled another knell,  
When there they bore his bride.

And thrice an hundred years have flown:  
Yet what care they or we?  
'So here's to him, the gallant knight,  
And to his fair ladye.'

## SKETCHES OF WESTERN LIFE.

## NUMBER ONE

THE western part of Illinois is partially civilized now. Certes, I have a horror of comparative civilization from the specimen we enjoy of it here. Alas! for the years gone by, when the prairie-wolf paid regular morning-calls at the house-doors, and carried off, as a souvenir, a young pig from the sty, or a fat hen or turkey from the roost, or made a visit to the sheep-fold, and throttled half a dozen woolly innocents; when herds of thirty or forty fat deer bounded carelessly along, their shining rounded hams suggestive of delicious haunches of venison, and saddles of such superior quality as none but a western man ever revelled on.

Oh, for the days when the prairie-grass waved over the tallest hunter's head, and large coveys of grouse and quail rose on 'whirring wings' every few minutes, as he advanced, concealed from observation, or his presence betrayed only by the rustling and swaying of the high reeds!

Oh, for the days of autumn, when the red fire rushed across the plains with dull, hoarse, murmuring sound, and the breath of night was hot and smoky! The greedy flames licked up every quivering blade of grass, and sprang like fiery demons to the top of the tall heavy reeds, which stood clearly defined against the red sky. Like flaming imps let loose on earth, the bright ranks chased, swift as the wind, the wolf and startled deer to the banks of the river; while myriads of birds, roused from their covert, flew in circles above the dun clouds of smoke, filling the air with their cries of distress and affright.

Civilization has done away with all these pictures, so charming to the hunter's or the poet's eye. The prairies now are shorn of their primitive beauties. The grass is short and wiry in summer, brown and bare in autumn. They are now dotted with conceited-looking story-and-a-half houses, with pert porticoes; while tall, bare poles, with a few leaves at top, are planted at uniform distances from each other along the path from the portico to the half-painted pickets, or, more generally, an exceedingly dilapidated worm-fence.

Chickens and pigs are safe, and sheep may roam secure from the attack of wolves, though not of vagrant dogs. Occasionally, in winter, a lean wolf may be seen skulking across the ice; and, once in a while, a persevering hunter may get a long shot at a few timid deer. But the jolly old bucks and dainty does are no more. The geese are the only game which appear to remain at the old ratio in number, and that, I suppose, is because they are geese. The ducks are taking wing, and the swans have nearly vanished; and wild turkeys have retired long ago to Iowa. Now, when walking along the wood-path, is heard in the brake, not the light foot of the startled deer, but the melodious grunting of a pig, in all the enjoyment of maternity, and the squealing of the young tribe in lieu of the bleat of a fawn.

But the west is still very beautiful, (I speak of the part *I* have lived in,) and there are yet to be found a hundred sheltered nooks and shady, silent groves; a silence very often interrupted, it is true, by the clear, regular stroke of the woodman's axe, and the crash of the falling tree. But these sounds are pleasant, when the wood is thick. And on a balmy spring morning, when the sportsman takes his rod and line, and strolls to the banks of fair Rock river, selecting a seat in the cool shadow of a 'bluff,' where the green leaves of the overhanging boughs of the elm and linden dip in the rippling current, he throws out his line; in a minute he grows excited by a nibble; again, and he draws a black bass from the crystal element it shall never be immersed in again; for we fry this fish here! At such a moment, the hunter can feel there is still happiness for him in the west. Beautiful Rock river, wearing on its fair bosom many an emerald gem! Emerald isles truly, but no Irishmen to plant potatoes on them. The scenery on the banks of this thread of silver in nature's robe is varied. Old gray 'bluffs,' with overhanging brows crowned with cedar; woods where the bending trees touch the water with their feathery fingers, and broad prairies sloping to the water's edge. The poet and the painter combined could alone attempt to do justice to the beauties of the river and the surrounding country, and I, alas! am neither.

Within a circle of a few miles, there are many original characters, which I intend to introduce as their names occur to me, as illustrative of the curious *mélange* of which our neighborhood is composed. The individual presented first to my mind, because I saw her lately, is not a native of this country. The very name, Peggy O'Connor, bespeaks her a daughter of the Emerald Isle. But an ardent admirer of the land of liberty, and the good things pertaining to it, is Mrs. O'Connor.

She has lived in the west for a dozen years or more, and regards it as a second and a better home. She rejoices in a large family of boys, and reigns alone in her little log-house; for the good woman had the excellent fortune to lose an irritable, consumptive husband, a few years after their arrival. Alas! the poor soul did not appreciate the blessing of the release: she committed matrimony a second time. But I anticipate: this is the latter part of her history.

She lives in a small log-house, (one room,) in the middle of a prairie. She has many neighbors, however, and cultivated fields surround her, some of the largest and best her own; for the 'widdy,' as she is called, is comparatively well off, and her boys work hard. Still she 'works out' occasionally as servant, or washerwoman, as her services are required, and goes sometimes on certain delicate errands it befits not a bachelor to mention.

Mrs. O'Connor is remarkable for the blunders she is accustomed to make in talking; saying exactly the reverse of what she means. She is a type of her country; weather-beaten, good-humored, passionate, and noisy, I have heard, but I never witnessed myself the truth of the assertion. She can be recognized a mile off, coming over the prairie on a windy day; her bonnet, a very battered, antediluvian-looking black silk, hanging back of her head, and her plaid cloak, held by each end at the bottom, filled by the wind, bulging out behind her, like a balloon; and

stooping a little, she bears up against the high wind with long strides. There was one family she particularly favored with her washing-visitations; persons who had once lived according to the rank of a gentleman's family, but had fallen to the last rung of Fortune's ladder. They had been numerous, but at the time I speak of were dwindled down to an old gentleman, (not *the* 'old gentleman,') his daughter, and her grand-mother. Some of them had died, some married, and others were wandering over the world. For this family, I say, Mrs. O'Connor had an especial fancy. She would enter the house with a broad grin, and answer the salute of 'Good morning, Mrs. O'Connor; how are the children?' with 'All's well, thank God! But Patsy and Mick have the faver-an'-ager, an' Hinry let a rail fall on his fut, an' he can't stir out of doors yit, and mesilf's had the tooth-ache. How's all here, Miss?'

'Grand-mother is not so well to-day.'

'Ah, thin, what she does suffer, praise the LORD!' heaving a deep sigh; then resuming, after the lapse of an instant, her usual expansive smiles, she exclaimed, 'So, thin, we're goin' to lose you, Miss, I was tould the other day?'

'Lose *me*, Mrs. O'Connor! why, what do you mean? I'm not going to leave the country or the world yet awhile, I hope.'

'Shure, I know that, Miss! But that young gentleman that's come from *New-Yorick*—ha! ha! Miss, it's him 'll take you from us!'

'Why, where on earth did you hear *that*, Mrs. O'Connor?'

'Shure, Taffy tould me, Miss, that it was all sitted, too, whin you wor to go.'

'It's perfectly false, Mrs. O'Connor. I do not care for him, and, what is more to the purpose, he would not have me!'

'Och, thin, see that now! Oh, glory be to God, what *loys* people can tell! Will, Miss, it's not ncessary for you to marry yit. Niver fear, Miss; but wid the help o' God you 'll find some wan yit!'

Such were Mrs. O'Connor's sublime consolations to this waning star. It was with Mrs. M——, the girl's grand-mother, that Mrs. O'Connor's conversational powers shone most brilliantly. I remember once (at the period of the late disturbances in unhappy Ireland, shortly after the famine) she was talking to Mrs. M——, who was informing her of the miserable situation of the unfortunate inhabitants. Mrs. M—— was deeply interested in the subject, and exclaimed, earnestly:

'Oh, Mrs. O'Connor, are you not frightened to think of what may happen to your poor father and mother among the soldiers?'

'Troth, thin, I ain't, ma'am; for may-be *they've died of the hunger before this!*'

Mrs. O'Connor always protested she would never marry again, but remain faithful to the memory of the departed Patrick. But ah, for the fabled constancy of woman! After an incredibly short siege by a drinking, scare-crow-looking countryman of her own, she yielded in an evil hour, gave up the keys of the citadel, and let the traitor in to all the comforts of a home already furnished, a farm well stocked, and a ready-made family waiting to receive him; thereby saving Mr. Malowny the trouble of providing all these necessaries of life by any exertion on his part. For a while 'all went happy as a marriage-bell;' but hardly had a year elapsed,



when quarrels began, which ended in a separation of the parties, and a division of the property; the 'widdy's' own by right, though not by law. But when the adventurous Mr. Malowny appeared to take off his spoil, Peggy O'Connor's blood rose to fever-heat with rage, and, making a furious onslaught on the unlucky man, with scratchings, and with blows, she drove him from the field, and remained for a short time flushed with victory. But the strong arm of the law came to the vanquished Malowny's aid, and he bore off a large portion of the poor woman's hard-earned gains.

She still speaks bitterly of her wrongs, and laments the day she was beguiled, by his 'wily, flattering words,' into the supreme folly of putting that little badge of servitude a second time on her finger. She will not even bear the name of Malowny, but has assumed her older and dearer appellation of Mrs. O'Connor. She hardly ever mentions the unworthy Malowny without stamping his place in society as 'a dirty baste;' and always concludes, with many a sigh, 'Ah, thin, it was a bad day for me when my poor Pat. died! Heigh, ho! dith makes great changes, praise the LORD!'

But I am growing prosy in Mrs. O'Connor's affairs. It is likely my reader may think I have been so afflicted from the commencement of her history. Very well, my first sketch is ended; and I can only say, if you find Number One tedious, you had better slight Number Two. L. M.

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L I N E S T O —.

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B Y A. S. M.

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NAY! be not startled that I have unsexed me,  
Thus to beg alms at the door of your heart:  
Is it a crime to be needy and hungry,  
If I am poor but wherever thou art?

Half of my poverty is that I'm lonely,  
And I am weary for some one to love;  
And often I think, if I had but this only,  
I could outsoar the Zenaida dove.

I should forget my life's raiment, grown older,  
Once clad in the glory of purple and gold,  
Nor think of the head-stone where memories moulder,  
If I could but hope that my love were *twice* told.

Sad looks the lily disrobed of her whiteness,  
The star that is fading away from its throne;  
But sadder than aught that hath worn through its brightness,  
The heart that is throbbing for ever alone.

## A M O U N T A I N I D Y L .

\* FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

Still the moon her face concealth  
Far behind the green fir-trees,  
And our lamp within the chamber  
Dimly burns in the evening breeze.

But the cold blue stars above us  
With a sparkling lustre blaze;  
Brightly glows the purple fire-light,  
And the darling maiden says:

'Little people, tiny fairies,  
Steal our bread to-night unknown;  
In the chest it lies at evening,  
In the morning it is gone.

'Little people now are sipping  
From our creamy milk the best;  
All uncovered stand the dishes,  
And the cat licks up the rest.

'And the cat is an enchantress;  
For she creeps, when night-clouds lower,  
Yonder to the shadowy mountain,  
To the old decaying tower.

'There of old-time stood a castle,  
Whence the shining armor glanced;  
Crowds of knights, and 'squires, and ladies,  
In the merry torch-light danced.

'An enchantress, tower and people  
Evilly enchanted all;  
Only ruins now are standing;  
Night-owls nest within the wall.

'Yet has spoke the holy grand-dame:  
When a certain word one says,  
On a certain hour at night-fall,  
Yonder in a certain place:

'Then again a stately castle  
Will the hoary ruins be,  
And the knights, and 'squires, and ladies,  
Dance by torch-light merrily.

'Who shall wake the tower and people  
By the speaking of the word,  
Music of the drum and trumpet  
In his honor shall be heard.'

Also forms of ancient fables  
O'er her rosy spirit fly;  
Upward to the cold blue star-light  
Casteth she her beaming eye.

Round my hands the little fairy  
Winds her golden hair so free;

New-York.

Pretty names she gives her fingers,  
Laughs and kisses endlessly.

All things in the stilly chamber  
Bend on me a knowing gaze;  
Both the cupboard and the table  
Seem like friends of former days.

Friendly-earnest talks the house-clock,  
And the cithern, it would seem,  
Of itself begins to jingle,  
And I sit as in a dream.

Now that 'certain hour' has come,  
And the 'certain place' is here;  
If I spoke that 'certain word,'  
Would it fright thee, daughter dear?

As I speak the word, the mid-night  
Darkens, and the building shakes;  
Louder roar the brooks and fir-trees,  
And the lofty mount awakes.

Songs of dwarfs and tinkling citherns  
Through the mountain's crannies ring,  
Whence, as if by sudden magic,  
Mighty rows of forests spring:

Flowers, wondrous, fairy flowers,  
Wondrous leaves, so broad and long,  
Scented, colored, and quick-growing,  
As pressed forth by passion strong:

Roses, in the busy bustle,  
Sparkle out like flames of fire;  
Lilies, like to crystal columns,  
Upward heaven-high aspire:

And the stars, like suns in greatness,  
Earthward gaze with earnest glow;  
To the lilies' giant cups  
Streams of star-light downward flow.

But ourselves, my darling daughter,  
Even more transformed are we;  
Gold and silk within the torch-light  
Glisten round us gorgeously.

Thou art now become a princess;  
This our cot a castle fair;  
Crowds of knights, and 'squires, and ladies,  
Dancing and rejoicing there.

I have gained the lordly castle  
By the speaking of the word;  
Music of the drum and trumpet  
In my honor now is heard.

EDWARD WILLET.

## SKETCHES OF AUTHORS, PAINTERS, AND PLAYERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES.'

## NUMBER ONE.

THE 'GYPSIES OF SCIENCE': SKETCHES OF SIR I. BRUNEL: DR. DIONYSIUS LARDNER:  
DR. FARADAY: WILLIAM JERDAN, AND THOMAS MOORE.

THERE exists in England a society, partly scientific, partly literary, denominated 'THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.' Among its numerous members are to be found the most eminent *savants* of the day. Every year, from all parts of the civilized globe, the most distinguished philosophers flock to its anniversary meetings, which continue during six days, and are held in various parts of Great Britain. It is this migratory feature of the Association which has conferred on its members a title which, at the first glance, may appear somewhat paradoxical; for every one who has read George Borrow's records of the Zingari, or his recently-written 'Lavengro,' must have formed an opinion by no means favorable to Gipsy acquirements in science. The nick-name was bestowed on the learned vagrants by the London *Times*, a journal which, year after year, has regularly fired a red-hot ball into the camp of the philosophers, wherever they may have chanced to pitch it, and of course it has stuck to them ever since. Heedless, however, of these attacks, the Association still pursues its primary objects, and its members congregate annually in some locality available for scientific investigation.

On such occasions the 'human curiosity'-seeker has fine opportunities for gratifying his passion for oddity-hunting; for in the multitude of members are to be found some of the most remarkable specimens of the *genus homo*. Visit one of the general evening meetings after the various scientific sections are closed, and a strange medley will be presented to the view. Antiquaries, as dry-looking as their most valued treasures, with coats rusty as the old iron vases they describe, and with the 'blue vinny' in their very looks, chatter with daintily-dressed ladies whom curiosity has drawn into the profoundly scientific vortex, or converse gravely with dowdy blue-stockings, the most unfeminine-looking of their sex. There a profound optician may be heard explaining to some wondering youngsters the mysteries of polarized light, or a learned chemist dilating on the constituents of a candle. And the dreamy poet, side by side with the matter-of-fact lover of statistics, listens to details far less fascinating than the fictions of fancy or the vagaries of the imagination. Then, too, there are crowds of idlers, mere starers at famous people; artists, who are seeking for subjects, and reporters on the hunt for paragraphs; parsons who, in sober attire, supply the black portions of the learned harlequinade; and gourmands, whose faces brighten up when they behold the well-filled tables; for be it remembered that these assembled philosophers despise not creature-comforts, and that the banqueting-hall on each day is usually much better filled than either of the lecture-rooms.

The limits of such an article as the present effectually preclude minute

details. I shall, therefore, from among a crowd of members and visitors, select but a few notabilities as subjects for sketching. The names of my subjects are as familiar, I fancy, in America as in England; and so, some particulars concerning them may be welcome. Let not the reader expect finished pictures on these leaves; if he does, he will most assuredly be disappointed, for I only profess to give mere outlines, which, after all, are sometimes as effective as labored productions.

Not very long since, the British Association held its usual anniversary in the city of Bristol, a place well calculated for such a meeting; for, though the once second city in England has fallen most wofully from its 'pride of place,' it is yet rich in association. It was within its precincts that Sir Humphry Davy labored in his laboratory, and made some of his most brilliant chemical discoveries. Thomas Chatterton was born there, and in his humble home wrote the celebrated Rowley Poems. Bristol was also the birth-place of the greatest painter of his day, Sir Thomas Lawrence; and of the first prose-writer of his time, Robert Southey. Bird, the painter, lived and died there; E. H. Bailey, the celebrated sculptor of Eve at the Fountain, is a native. Coleridge and Wordsworth resided in Bristol, and there their first poems were ushered into the world by a native publisher of Bristol, Joseph Cottle. The present celebrated Dr. Harris, author of 'The Great Teacher,' and president of an English college, is a Bristolian; Robert Hall, the prince of modern preachers, spent in this commercial city his early and closing years. Richard Savage died in the debtor's prison of Bristol; and John Cabot, the discoverer of Newfoundland, sailed from its wharf to that as yet unknown shore.

Surrounded by lovely scenery, and filled with relics of antiquity, in addition to the personal recollections associated with the place, it is little wonder that in it one of the most fully attended meetings of the British Association was held. And now, reader, let me crave the pleasure of your company as I wander about during the great gathering; for, partaking of the vagrant nature of the members, to which allusion has been made, I mean to describe my peregrinations from section to section, and from one show-place to another, without reference to order, but just as memory recalls the events of my Bristolian pilgrimage.

It is nearly eleven o'clock, the hour at which the philosophers are wont to assemble in their various public section-rooms. As these gentlemen proceed through the streets to their different destinations, a practised eye may, at a glance, detect the peculiar vein of knowledge worked by each. We will at present join the practical-looking procession who are crowding into the Mechanical and Engineering section, and lo! having exhibited our 'open-sesame,' we find ourselves in a spacious hall, at the upper end of which is a platform appropriated to the uses of the President, Secretaries, and the lecturers of the day. By the side of this is a place for reporters; and being one of the Fourth Estate—for the *Athenæum* has engaged us—we join our brethren of the broad sheet, sharpen pencils, and prepare for the 'encounter of wits.'

A gentleman takes the chair, and all is at once attention. Well may the most profound respect be paid to him, for he is one of the foremost men of his age. He is rather above the medium height, and inclined to

corpulency. At the first glance he presents no indications of more than common talent; but watch him closely, and you will alter any opinion to that effect which you may have hastily formed. As he speaks, which he does with the slightest foreign accent possible, his gray eye, half-shaded by bushy, dark brows, kindles, and becomes quite luminous with intelligence, an intelligence conferred by the not high but broad brow, whose summit is thatched with iron-gray hair.

The subject to be treated of is Ocean-Navigation by Steam-ships, a topic of great interest, especially in Bristol, where a huge steamer, the *Great Western*, is building, for the purpose of dashing through the wild Atlantic to New-York, and so settle the vexed question. The Chairman believes such a feat possible, and in plain, common-sense terms states the grounds of his opinion. He is not eloquent: far from it; but, what is more to the purpose, he is convincing, at least to most minds present: to most, but not to all, for a gentleman sits near him, who, by sundry gestures, implies that he entertains opposite opinions to those enunciated by the chairman.

The gentleman who so evidently dissents is a somewhat singular-looking personage. The cast of his countenance is decidedly Milesian; his face is large, square, and deeply marked with lines running in many a direction. The brow is low and broad, but a brown, unfashionable wig does not set it off to the best advantage. The eyes are small, twinkling, and assisted by round-rimmed spectacles; the brows are large. On the whole, one is reminded of O'Connell by the combined features, for there is a similarly shrewd expression to that of the great Agitator. A shabby blue moreen cloak, with a red plush collar, entirely conceals this philosopher's figure, which appears burly and strongly built. A stranger might take him for a hard-headed, middle-aged gentleman; but it is questionable whether one in a hundred would consider him to be what he assuredly is, one of the most scientifically learned men of the age; for, in fact, what he has often been called, an encyclopædia on legs!

The Chairman and the individual just glanced at are both of them men who have occupied a large share of public attention; the former is Sir ISAMBERD BRUNEL, the great Engineer, and constructor of the Thames Tunnel; the latter, Doctor DIONYSIUS LARDNER, the editor of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, published by the Longmans, and known to the readers of *Fraser's Magazine* as the 'Dinny Lardner' of William Maginn.

Sir I. BRUNEL ceases to speak, and then follow other scientific engineers. After these Dr. LARDNER rises, flings off his cloak, and exhibits a rusty, snuff-stained suit of black.

All the world knows that at this very Bristol meeting LARDNER declared that the Atlantic could not be navigated by steam; and all the world, too, that in a very few months afterward the learned Doctor proved himself to have been wrong, by taking a steam-trip to America in company with Mrs. Heaviside, of Brighton, she having left her husband and young children for love of the amatory philosopher, who, however, had his spectacles smashed most unscientifically, and his wig burned by her enraged and injured 'better half.'

I am quite aware that, very recently, the Doctor has denied that he stated his opinion as to the impracticability of ocean-steaming. Hun-

dreds, however, heard him so speak, and the writer of this sketch was one of his auditors.

But let us travel to the section of the Chemists. No need to describe the exact locality of the place where these analytical and synthetical gentlemen sit in session. Wherever it is, we soon reach it, and, fronting us as we enter, sits a gentleman, whose countenance is so striking, that having in the image-chamber of our memory the perfect recollection of a sketch by Maclise, we knew at once the said countenance to belong to MICHAEL FARADAY, Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institute of Great Britain, and perhaps the greatest of living natural philosophers. What a face! The hair is black as the plumage of a raven's wing, and parted exactly in the centre of the high and comprehensive forehead. The eyes are large, black, remarkably sparkling, and are perpetually glancing hither and thither, beneath the straightish brows. Like Lord Brougham's nose, those eyes are ever in motion; the nasal feature is long, and well shaped; the mouth, and lower portion of the cheeks, much like those of LEIGH HUNT. Indeed, FARADAY, altogether, resembles in person the author of 'Rimini.' His figure is tall and spare, not lean; its motions are sudden and frequent. During two consecutive minutes the great electrician, as some call him, is never still; but his is not mere restlessness. One can see that his great mind is always on the move, and so perhaps influences the muscles of his frame. The expression of his countenance is very pleasing, his voice sweet, and his manners courteous. The profound philosopher seems to possess all the gentleness, simplicity, and joyousness of a child, giant as he is in science. He may not unaptly be called, as indeed he was by Sydney Smith, the laughing philosopher.

Dr. FARADAY's origin was not aristocratic. He was a book-binder's boy in Dublin, and from reading an article on electricity in a Cyclopædia his master was binding, imbibed his love of scientific research. He now stands preëminent as a philosopher. As a lecturer he is charming, especially to juvenile classes, and his courses are attended by the most brilliant of audiences. It is sad, however, to know that his prodigious studies have so seriously injured his health, that several times he has been compelled to abandon them. In a letter which some four years since I received from him, he complained of his memory becoming defective, a symptom in the case of such a mind calculated to create great anxiety, at the least.

On quitting Boston six years ago, a packet for FARADAY was intrusted to me, with a charge to deliver it into his own hands. When I arrived in England, I heard there that he was at Brighton, and concluded to defer executing my commission till his return. One night, while at a literary party at CAMILLA TOULMIN's, I was told that FARADAY had returned to London.

'Where can I find him?' I inquired.

'He is seldom to be caught at home; but if you will go to the Sandemanian Chapel, in the Barbican, any Sunday morning or afternoon, or at seven on any Tuesday evening, you will find him!'

'What! FARADAY a Sandemanian?' I asked, in astonishment.

'Yes, a zealous one; and he never misses attendance at this chapel. Wet or dry, rain or shine, he travels on foot to the Barbican.'



I made up my mind to see him there, and accordingly, on the very next Tuesday, dashed through the Strand, posted along Fleet-street, ascended Snow Hill, floundered through the mud of Smithfield, and reached the Barbican, which I may say is a long street, and not a portion of a fortress.

With no little difficulty I discovered the Sandemanian place of worship. It was situated at the end of a long passage, of about three feet wide. Seeing some lights struggling through a few low windows, I entered, and found about sixty plain people assembled. In the centre pew stood the thin, tall figure of a man with a white head, the back of which I could only see. This individual was in low solemn tones expounding a chapter of the New Testament. That exercise ended, and with it the service, for I had entered late. The lights were dim, and the voice low, so that I could not tell who the expounder was. As an old woman passed me on her way out, I asked her if DOCTOR FARADAY attended the chapel.

'There he is,' she answered, pointing to the gentleman with the gray hair.

The old lady very obligingly went to the Doctor with my card, and told him that I wished to see him; whereupon he turned, and jumping over the back of the pew with the agility of a boy, (some ladies crowded it toward the door,) hurried toward me.

I told him my errand, and placed the packet in his hand. His face was all over smiles, as usual, and I could scarcely recognize him to be the same man who had been so solemn and sedate but a few minutes before.

'Queer place to find me in!' said he, in his peculiar, quick way. We then walked homeward together, and he asked me a score of questions concerning the state of science in America. The Christian philosopher (for such he is) became suddenly a scientific querist, and I parted from him in Regent-street.

I never saw a man so altered as FARADAY. He had grown in six years twenty years older in appearance. His raven hair was whitened by intense study, and his brow was ploughed with thoughtful furrows; but his eyes were dark and lustrous as ever.

Dr. FARADAY is still the Royal Institute Professor of Chemistry, and but a few months since astonished the scientific world by his dia-magnetic revelations. In England he has no rival. America alone can furnish a similarly great philosopher, in the person of Dr. Henry, whose guest I once had the happiness to be at Princeton, New-Jersey, and who, in his laboratory, exhibited to me some of his remarkable experiments on light.

DURING this association-anniversary, Bristol was visited by many eminent literary men, who, among the ladies especially, were 'lions.' I was one day strolling through the College-Green, with the late lamented Dr. WILLIAM COOKE TAYLOR, when he suddenly stopped, and directed my attention toward a couple of gentlemen who were coming along the tree-shaded avenue toward us. These individuals, in respect of personal appearance, were the very opposites of each other, as I had an ample opportunity of observing; for, on their nearing us, they stopped to speak to my companion.

One of them was tall, and clumsily built. His broad shoulders resem-

bled those of a porter: his long, ungainly arms hung clumsily by his side, and terminated in huge hands, which, being ungloved, reminded one of small shoulders of mutton. His face was long, and its features large: his bulging gray eyes appeared any thing but speculative; and his monstrous nose, and long chin, any thing but resembled those of Cupid or Antinous. The skin of the face was rough; it might be called granulated. What little hair was discernible from beneath a 'shocking bad hat,' was grizzled. Yet, spite of these draw-backs, there was an amiable expression on the countenance, and some kindly lines round the monstrous-lipped mouth. Nor was the facial expression deceptive; for beneath that rugged frame was a generous heart, albeit it belonged to a professed critic. Many a perpetrator of books will bear me out in this, when I mention as the name of the tall, burly gentleman, that of WILLIAM JERDAN.

Mr. JERDAN is, and has been for many years, the editor of 'The London Literary Gazette,' a weekly review. JERDAN, to his honor be it spoken, has done many a graceful and generous thing for young literary aspirants, and has always avoided the slashing style of criticism, though he has been invariably just. He first discovered, and was the means of bringing before the public, the genius of 'L. E. L.,' not until long afterward revealed as LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON, and who, when Mrs. MACLEAN, died mysteriously in Africa, at Cape Coast Castle, of which her husband was governor. Had he never accomplished any thing more for literature than this, JERDAN would deserve honorable mention.

As I have observed, JERDAN's companion was the reverse of him in appearance. He was a dapper little man; so short as to look quite *petite*. His face was full of vivacity, and some twenty years before must have been most captivating. Captivating, indeed, it still was, although in the angles of his bright, dark eyes, those unmistakable traces of Time's flight, crow's-feet, appeared. The hair was crisp, and slightly curly, but a little touched by the great beauty-killer. A short nose, somewhat *retroussé*, gave a sprightly air to the face; and the mouth was small, and well cut. This gentleman's small figure was very well dressed, but there was not any fashionable foolery about it. A black ribbon encircled his neck, and at its extremity dangled an eye-glass, which near-sightedness caused him frequently to use. As he stood by JERDAN's side, he scarcely reached higher than the critic's elbow; and he reminded one forcibly of Goldsmith's 'abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.'

The only thing approaching to affectation in the stranger was a slightly mincing walk; for the sharp points of his unexceptionable boots appeared to spurn the rough gravel of the pathway, and to long for a Brussels carpet. That, however, might have been accidental, and probably was. I felt sure I had met this gentleman before, his face was so familiar; but I soon found that I had never done so, except in frontispieces, and such like; for no sooner had the usual morning salutations been exchanged, than COOKE TAYLOR introduced me to no less a personage than Mr. MOORE.

Yes, that small gentleman before me was 'THOMAS LITTLE'—the veritable TOM MOORE himself, Byron's biographer, Shelley's friend, and Rogers's companion; the author of *Lalla Rookh*, the 'Irish Melodies,'

and a score of other brilliant productions! JERDAN I had met years before, and with him then I merely, of course, renewed an acquaintance.

MOORE, when informed by Dr. TAYLOR that I was then engaged on the biography of Chatterton, with *both* hands took one of mine, and said several kind things of a little volume I had sent him months before. Of course, when I left him that morning, I was in the seventh heaven of literary vanity!

I met MOORE a few days subsequently at the table of a mutual friend, and was charmed with his society. His conversation was rapid, sparkling, and full of epigrammatic point. His manner, too, was most fascinating. What else could have been expected from the Bard of Erin?

Alas! that I should have to close this sketch with one sad recollection of TOM MOORE. As soon as symptoms of insanity appeared, and before his brilliant fancy became entirely extinguished and rayless, he was taken to London for medical advice. I met him once in society, but he was a melancholy, silent man. The beauty of his eyes still remained, but 'the light of other days' had faded from them. The death of a son had produced, it was said, this affliction, but I imagine other causes might have aided to crush his intellect. Years of continued mental excitement frequently produce softening of the brain and consequent idiocy, as in the cases of Dr. Buckland the geologist, and Robert Southey.

A lady informed me that she, a short time since, spent an evening at MOORE'S residence, Sloperton Cottage, near Devizes, Wiltshire. Mrs. Moore asked her to sing, and she, hoping to rouse the dejected poet, played one of his own Irish melodies. He listened attentively, appeared pleased, and remarked that he fancied he had heard it before, but could not recollect when or where.

I might have sketched others of these 'Gipsies of Science,' and 'Lions' of literature too, but my space must not be crowded, for I have many an occupant yet waiting for their niches in this 'Walhalla' of mine.

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A MOTHER'S INVOCATION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

MOTHER of CHRIST, upon whose forehead shone  
The light ineffable, that from above  
Streamed from the dwelling of eternal love,  
What time thou travailest with thy blessed Son,  
Forshadowing in thine agony the pains  
He suffered on the cross; oh, intercede  
For her who seeks thee in her utmost need:  
Fan the faint spark of life that yet remains  
In my scarce-conscious babe: in mercy plead  
That those small hands, cross-folded on his breast,  
May not lie rigid in eternal rest:  
Thou know'st a mother's anguish, and wilt heed  
A mother's prayers, remembering the child  
That from thy breast looked up to THEE and smiled!

Washington, February, 1852.

R. B. SMITHSON.

## S T A N Z A S .

## 'THE VALLEY WHERE THE VILLAGE LIES.'

BY WILLIAM WALLACE MORLAND.

'Distant, secluded, still, the little village lay in the fruitful valley.  
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight, descending,  
Brought back the evening-star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.'

EVANGELINE.

The valley where the village lies  
In summer beauty, lone and still,  
Is shaded; now the sunset dyes  
The gorgeous west with glory fill!

The hills from which our path has led,  
They hold a fairy village too;  
Perched like a bold bird, mountain-bred,  
That nestleth close to heaven's deep blue.

The village and the quiet vale,  
I see them as it were in dreams:  
The pine-trees sigh beneath the gale,  
Below, the lake's broad mirror gleams:

The hills sweep round, and close me in  
From dust, and heat, and wearying toil;  
The wild-bird's notes for city din,  
For rattling streets, the fertile soil.

Beneath the swaying boughs I lie,  
As in the summers long ago;  
Indeed, I cannot choose but sigh,  
Such changes into life will grow.

For I look back to olden days,  
When 'neath the swaying boughs reclined;  
All Nature's freshness meets my gaze,  
But lost delights no more I find!

The light of youth, a flickering gleam,  
Along its far horizon dies:  
I rock on mid-life's rushing stream,  
That every day more swiftly flies.

I rock upon the wild, wild wave!  
Yet sometimes moor my tossing bark  
In quiet bay, near sea-shore cave,  
And thence the outer billows mark.

Within my haven-inlet fair,  
Peace broods upon the water's breast;  
Her lilies floating here and there,  
Where the lulled wavelets sink to rest.

But ah! the guileful current bears,  
With force unmarked, my boat away;  
Still on, still on — till, unawares,  
Quite vanished is my sheltering bay.

Again mine ear the brawling tide  
Saluteth with its dreaded roar;  
Again the ocean plain spreads wide,  
And out to sea I bound once more!

My haven is the quiet vale,  
The village nestling 'mid the hills;  
Furled, for a while, Life's swelling sail,  
And hushed the breeze its breast that fills.

I may not sing as he hath sung,  
Who wove the wild and mournful lay  
That tells how Indian maiden flung  
Her hapless, love-lorn life away.\*

But I have stood at shut of day,  
And gazed with awe adown the steep;  
The rugged cliff so stern and gray,  
The waving woods that round it sweep.

The placid meadows far below,  
The distant hills, the bright blue lake,  
The sunlight splendor fading slow,  
Might well our noblest bard awake.

They 'sang old songs of Love and Death' —  
Oh! Love and Death are wondrous strong!  
And hearts have broken while the breath  
Has poured some well-remembered song.

No need to tempt the dizzy verge,  
And leave the life in eddying air;  
Those treasured tones are oft a dirge,  
And smiles have masked the worst despair.

The valley where the village lies  
Is robed in mist; each wooded hill,  
In sentinel's protecting guise,  
Its sleeping charge is watching still.

And later, on each lofty crest  
Glimmers the moon-beams' paly light;  
And, sinking in the far-off west,  
Fair VENUS bids the stars good-night!

*Lenox, Mass., August, 1851.*

\* WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## TRANSCRIPTS

FROM THE DOCKET OF A LATE SHERIFF OF NEW-YORK.

MR. HEBERTON FITZJAMES was (and, if he has not gone 'down the banks,' is) a gentleman such as we frequently see at the watering-places; a leader of the select parties there congregated. He heads the movements of fancy-balls at those places. He is eminently supreme of all the *haut ton*, as he goes to Paris, and employs the most celebrated *maitre de danse* to invent and teach him a new *pas*, figures, etc.; arrives 'bock agen,' introduces the dance, instructs the butterflies in the new figures, and consequently enjoys a rare monopoly in all the polkas, 'valse,' etc. He dresses specially for breakfast, dinner, tea, supper, and the rout; and at intervals beside, a *rara avis* is Heberton Fitzjames!

I became acquainted with Fitzjames in my way of making new friends. I had professional engagements with him, and from the name of 'the plaintiff,' I concluded it grew out of a sporting debt. Ah, Heberton, in that you were nearly gone 'down the banks!' I went to the boarding-house of Fitzjames. A negro waiter presented himself at my summons, and desired to know my wish.

'I want to see Mr. Heberton Fitzjames.'

'He not in, Sar.'

'Not in!' I replied; 'why, he can scarcely have breakfasted; 'tis not now twelve o'clock!'

'Not in, Sar,' reiterated the darkey, surlily.

'He must be in, Henry,' said I, addressing the negro familiarly. 'I must see him this moment. I have particular business with him, and can't go away without seeing him:' at the same time handing a quarter to the negro.

'Well, *dat* does alter de case, bein' as you' b'isness is partickler wid Mr. Fitzjames. Go up sta'rs, Sar; fust flo', back room, to de lef'. De genterman ain't good at g'essin', dough. My name ain't Henry; it is Robert, and ain't nuffin else, 'cept Barcaloo,' apostrophized this man of sable.

'Ah, *Robert*,' said I, 'you must excuse me; I didn't mean to call you 'out of your name.''

'Oh, sartinly, Sar; I excuse you,' making a low bow: (all to the quarter, however, thought I.)

Proceeding to the object of my visit, I reached the room to which I was directed, and rapping at the door, was directed, by a thin, delicate voice from the inside, to 'come in.' Upon entering, I saw a table arranged for breakfast for two. Heberton Fitzjames (I knew him when I saw him) had just finished breakfast, and was then wiping his hands with a towel. He was standing, and was in *deshabille*; he had not completed his morning-toilet. He was, apparently, about twenty-five years of age, medium height, thin, and well made, (artificially, or otherwise, I cannot say.) His features were small, and femininely developed; a complexion of a sallow hue, yet clear, unwhiskered. Still, to mark himself more distinctly



as of the 'upper ten,' he cultivated a delicate moustache, elegantly rounded at the corners of the mouth, and well gummed. He was an exquisite specimen of those drones of our city 'who toil not, neither do they spin,' by the circumstance of being born rich; but who, nevertheless, are of some value to the community as consumers.

Seated in the same room, holding languidly between his knees the morning-paper, was one of that very valuable class of characters always in the wake of 'nice young men,' 'men of fashion,' 'of fortune,' etc., and usually called 'ma particular friend,' etc. Let me describe his appearance. He was, apparently, fifty years old; the head quite bald; hair, what there was of it, gray; a pair of spectacles, thrown high, perched on his head, probably to add gravity or wisdom to his appearance; a body almost as rotund as a ball; legs, scarcely any, except below his knees; and, as he sat, his back well poised against the back of the chair, his legs on a line stretched out, (I could scarcely discern any thighs,) his belly being on a line with his legs. He was, without doubt, the Mentor of Fitzjames—his man of business—and I will introduce him under the name of Bovee Pitts, Esq.

I intimated to Mr. Fitzjames that my business was with him, and of a private nature.

'Don't mind,' said he, fingering his moustache, and rounding it off where it curled; 'don't mind the presence of my friend. Bove knows all my privacies. Bove is my adviser, my inseparable.'

'Well, Mr. Fitzjames,' said I, 'here is an 'execution' against you for twenty-four hundred dollars; will you be so kind as to pay it?'

'An execution!' said he, with surprise.

'An execution!' said Bovee Pitts, Esq., dropping the newspaper at the same time, and looking at me with amazement. 'An execution!' murmured he again, the words dying on his lips in mute horror.

'Ay, an execution, gentlemen,' said I.

'Bovee—Bove, ma boy, what does he mean by an execution?'

Mr. Pitts, after asking me to permit him to look at the writ, holding it up, scanning it eagerly, and anxiously digesting with a bad appetite its contents, replied to Fitzjames's question: 'Ah, oh! *'feri facias*;' 'sheriff;' 'commanded;' 'goods and chattels;' 'bailiwick;' 'twenty-four hundred;' 'real estate;' 'sixty days;' 'witness.' Ah, um!'

'*Fieri facias*!' said Mr. Fitzjames, twirling his moustache, '*Je comprend*. I understand.' And turning to me: 'Ma dear Sir, what do you wish with this *fieri facias*?'

'I wish, Sir, to collect the amount of it from you.'

'Ma dear Sir,' said he, 'I don't owe the money. It's very strange, is it not, Bove, ma boy?'

'Very strange—remarkable!' echoed Pitts.

I hereupon intimated to Fitzjames, that unless the amount of the 'execution' was forthcoming, I should levy it upon his property.

'Well, as to that,' said he, continually smoothing and twirling his moustache, to get it into its desired curve, 'I should deem myself w- happy, and you most fortunate. But you see, ma dear Sir, I have n't got any property.' And then, assuming an air of importance, turning to Mr. Pitts, he said: 'Bove, ma lion, put this fellow out of the room! Oust

him! get him out, ma friend! He will insult me — me, your Fitzjames! I cannot be insulted; indeed, I cannot.'

At this call on his friend to put me out, Mr. Pitts reflected some time, and finally answered, 'Can't do it; is sheriff; against the law.'

'Three sage conclusions; all physical conclusions,' said I. 'You have not the strength to combat with any of them, have you, Mr. Pitts?'

'Bovee Pitts, Esquire,' interrupted he.

Finding now that I should have to deal without reserve in the matter, I remarked, that I had no doubt I could find property belonging to Mr. Fitzjames, and that it was my intention to 'levy' upon his wardrobe.

'Levy upon and take my clothes!' said Fitzjames, imploringly, still twirling his moustache; 'you are not — you cannot be in earnest, my dear Sir, are you? Take my clothes! Bovee, he will take my clothes — my wardrobe!'

'Clothes! wardrobe!' ejaculated Mr. Pitts.

'Certainly, gentlemen,' said I; 'wardrobe, clothes, and all; not allowing even a change. 'The law allows it, and the court awards it.' You can satisfy yourself on that point, Mr. Fitzjames, if you consult the authority laid down in 19 *Wendell*, p. 475, *Bovne vs. Witt*. There it is decided, *that an officer on execution has, by the law of this State, the right to seize the wearing-apparel of any one who is not a householder; and the exemption does not apply to such as you, who are a single gentleman, and who cannot be regarded as coming within the statutory provisions.* Ahem!!' said I, giving myself a peculiarly wise look. This, thought I, must be a poser to the twain: and so it was.

'Horrible!' exclaimed Mr. Fitzjames. '*Is that the law?*'

'Horrible!' exclaimed more loudly Mr. Pitts. 'Is — THAT — THE — LAW?'

'IT IS THE LAW!' said I, louder than either.

'Ma dear Sir,' rejoined Fitzjames, who, by this time, had gotten to be exceedingly courteous and *spirituelle*, 'since it is your pleasure to ——'

I interrupted him, and told him that it was not my *pleasure*, but my *duty*, and I hoped he would excuse me if I insisted upon proceeding at once to the execution of that duty. Thereupon, I opened his bureau-drawers, his closets, wardrobe, his trunks, etc., and removed from those depositories his entire wearing-apparel, which I 'levied' upon; and while I was assorting them, Fitzjames exclaimed, at the seeming vandalism, '*Awful! horrible!* eh, Bove, ma boy, ma friend?' To which Mr. Pitts responded, '*AWFUL! HORRIBLE!*'

When I had completed my business, by taking an 'inventory,' Fitzjames was very anxious to explain to me the reason why there were no more *under-garments*. I told him there was no necessity of an explanation under that head, as doubtless he would say the most of his linen was at the washerwoman's. It was often the case with clothing of men of fashion to be 'under the spout.'

'Ah, yes, my dear Sir,' interrupted he; 'pon honor, they are at the washerwoman's. You anticipated my excuse, my dear Sir; my linen is at the washerwoman's. Is it not, Bove, ma friend?'

'Washerwoman's!' echoed Mr. Pitts, growing solemn and sententious.

'Now, my dear fellow, my dear sheriff,' curling and twirling his mous-

tache constantly, 'what do you intend to do with my clothes, *et cetera*; you assuredly will not take them away? Because, my dear Sir, if you do, you will leave me but half-dressed. I have neither coat, nor vest, nor boots, nor shoes, nor hat, nor any thing except what I have on. You will not surely be so cruel? He won't be so cruel, will he, Bovee, my friend?'

'Cruel ——' something, uttered Mr. Pitts; but possibly fancying that, like his three propositions aforestated, *it would n't do*, he rather choked the utterance of the coward word, and fell into a stupid stare.

'I certainly will, Mr. Fitzjames,' said I, 'take away all I have levied upon, unless 'security' is given to me for '*the forthcoming of the same when demanded*;' and perhaps, Sir, you can give the desired security?'

'Yes, yes,' with the same twirling of that incorrigible moustache, which had not courage to keep in curl, 'yes; I think,' drawled he, 'my attorney can fix it; yes, he can arrange matters. Bovee, my friend, my invaluable, run to Mr. Bagg, my attorney, and tell him all about it! Do, my friend, my dear Bovee; run, run!'

Well, now, this request to his friend Pitts to run, was to me exceedingly funny. '*Run!*' thought I; 'I would like to see him run!' He got up, with great difficulty, from his chair, where he sat the whole time I was in the room, and I could not avoid laughing aloud at Mr. Pitts's effort 'to run,' as he was requested. The operation was a labored attempt to move. Move he did, but it was like the movement of the stone of Sisyphus, or of the boy on the ice — seemingly one move forward, and two backward. He managed, however, at the earnest request of Fitzjames, 'to be in a hurry; '*toute suite*,' to get on his errand;' and I was compelled to wait full an hour before the swift messenger returned from his errand.

Mr. Pitts brought a note, addressed to me, from Mr. Fitzjames's attorney, wherein he requested me to call upon him with 'a bond, or receiptor,' and he would sign it, and 'become responsible for the return of the property, or the value thereof.'

Upon the receipt of this note, finding that my business with Mr. Fitzjames was about to end for the present, I was preparing to leave, when I was again entreated by Mr. Fitzjames to give faith to the excuses he had given for the small number of under-clothes the inventory I had taken exhibited; averring, 'pon his honor, that the balance were at the washerwoman's;' a proposition I did not dispute with him; but I fancied the 'balance' could no '*tale* unfold.' I bade the party farewell, and have never seen either since.

'A stay of proceedings' was served upon me the next day. The 'judgment' was settled shortly afterward, and my 'costs' (not an unimportant item) were paid.

Here is the 'inventory,' or memorandum of levy. Start not, dear KNICK, it is religiously true:

'73 vests, assorted, summer and winter.'

'39 pair cloth and cassimere trousers.'

'9 SHIRT-BOSOMS.'

'3 UNDER-SHIRTS.'

'4 PAIR OF DRAWERS.'

'6 SHIRTS.'

'6 COLLARS.'

'5 PAIRS HALF-HOSE.'

'1 court-suit, complete, chapeau.'

'35 pairs of gloves.'

'19 pairs of boots.'

'16 pairs of shoes.'

'3 braces.'

'4 hats.'

'2 smoking-caps.'

A stock, thought I, large enough to commence a second-hand clothing-store — *except the under-garments.*

FLAVEL

# STANZAS.

BY MRS. MARY E. MONELL.

I'm thinking of a pleasant nook  
Along a river-side,  
With graceful birch and willow-trees  
Reflected in the tide.

I seem to see the sparkling sands,  
The pebbles smooth and white;  
The rippling waves I used to watch  
With ever-new delight;

The humble flowers, that always grew  
Around that shady spot;  
The butter-cup, the violet blue,  
The small forget-me-not.

I hear the droning, summer sound  
Of busy honey-bees,  
Filling the clover-fields around  
With drowsy harmonies.

I feel the sunshine and the air  
That swept the fragrant lea,  
As when, a child, I wandered there  
In days of memory.

Oh! many a silent hour I passed  
Beneath my favorite tree,  
A stately elm, whose waving boughs  
Made music over me.

Close to its sturdy trunk I pressed,  
And watched the changing sky,  
Till evening mantled in the west,  
And swallows winnowed by.

And when the lonely stars appeared,  
Bright, wondrous thoughts arose  
Deep in my heart, like drops of dew  
Close hidden in a rose.

And like my pulses' measured beat,  
Those precious thoughts kept time;  
And danced with tireless tinkling feet  
To many a tuneful rhyme.

Fair Nature wooed me, even then,  
And whispered lovely things;  
And bade my sleeping fancy soar,  
And try her folded wings.

But, oh! I revered from afar  
The holy gift of song;  
And never dreamed so rich a boon  
Could unto me belong.

Yet, when above my lifted brow  
The elm-tree branches stirred  
Like choral symphony, that called  
For many an earnest word:

Or, when I wandered slowly home,  
And saw the clouds that rolled  
Far in the north, like argosies  
With freight of pearls and gold:

I often longed, with tearful eyes,  
For utterance bold and free,  
Like those high-priests that stand within  
The fane of Poësy.

And if my feet, in coming years,  
Shall pass that threshold o'er,  
To lay my humble offering down  
Beside the bards of yore:

I'll thank the music of the streams,  
The color of the sky,  
The first pale star of even-tide  
That caught my lifted eye:

The beauty of my early home,  
So peaceful and so mild;  
And those deep lessons Nature taught  
To me, a dreaming child.

## RANDOM LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF RALPH ROANOKE.

'It takes all kinds of people to make a world,' and all kinds of people assemble in the city of New-Orleans. During the winter, or carnival season, the weather is delightful. On the Levee you meet with people of every language, nation, and color. It is just the spot of all others on the North American continent to study human nature. It was one of my most pleasing pastimes to rise in the morning, at five o'clock, and cultivate an appetite for the delicious breakfasts served up at the St. Charles hotel, by a stroll along the Levee to the market-place, while the perfume was fresh upon the newly-gathered bouquets of flowers which were ever and anon presented you, for the trifling sum of a Yankee shilling, by the dark-eyed brunettes of the sunny South. Oh, their manners were so bewitching, and their movements so graceful, that the veriest old woman-hater—pardon, ye old bachelors, I believe there are a few more such left—found them irresistible; and many were the gallant knights from Yankee-land, in search of a new market for their 'notions,' who were plundered of all their loose change, until they became sufficiently wary to leave their purses at home.

During one of my rambles, I was attracted by the soliloquy of a philosophical 'loafer,' who had spent the night under the broad canopy of heaven, with nothing but a cotton-bale for his pillow. As he sat rubbing his unshaved chin, contemplating with rueful countenance his last remaining 'levy,' which he had succeeded in chasing into the corner of his last un-hole-y pocket, he soliloquized: 'I'm no longer decent; I'm a disgrace to my cloth. I'll be taken for a 'loafer,' if this beard is not shaven off. But I can't do without my julep, and this is my last shilling: what is to be done?' The struggles between the demands of decency and the cravings of a vitiated appetite appeared intensely absorbing; and there he sat, the picture of despondency, scratching his head for a new idea; until suddenly his dull eye lit up with a momentary flash of intelligence, and he continued: 'I have it! I have it! I'll toss up. Here goes! Heads, a julep; tails, a shave.' Up went the levy, and, chuckling with the excitement, he leaned forward to see which side had it; when, seeing tails uppermost, his barometer was for a moment all stormy, and his high hopes lost their bearings; until another bright idea came across his vision, and he again 'sung out': 'That's not fair; I'll try it again. Here goes! Heads, julep; tails, shave.' Up went the levy the second time. This effort brought up heads, when, springing to his feet and rubbing his hands in ecstasy, he cried: 'Julep it is!' and off he ran, at full speed, to the nearest saloon, to cool his coppers with that delightful beverage called a julep.

Strolling on toward the market-place, the smile which was yet playing over my countenance, in memory of my late adventure, was suddenly chased away by one of those tragic episodes in life which blanch the cheek and send the warm blood home to the heart. A noble ship had just been hauled in, and had her first gang-way plank run out as I reached the Levee. A tall, firmly-knit man walked on shore, and stopped



a moment to look about him. This was his first visit. Every thing is strange and bewildering to him. His head is almost turned with the whirl and excitement which he sees going on around him, and he feels that he is indeed a 'stranger in a strange land.' But his reverie is doomed to be of short duration. He has not been standing five minutes before he is seen and recognized by one who has been in search of him for many years, each year increasing the venom of his unsatisfied vengeance for injuries inflicted and unatoned for in other days. The victim stands totally unconscious of the presence of an enemy whom he had escaped for years; but the enemy, turning with rage, seizes the first weapon within reach, (a heavy stick of cord-wood,) and, before the by-standers have any idea of his intentions, has felled the stranger to the earth, and stands over him exulting in his fall. 'Who shall unravel this mystery?' 'who shall explain this daring act?' is the universal cry. It is clear to every one present that not a word has passed between the parties. One of them has just landed from a vessel entering port: what connection can there be between him and the man on shore? In a moment they were surrounded, and the belligerent man secured. Let him tell his own story: 'Gentlemen: ten years ago this d—d rascal and I resided in the city of St. Louis. We were both desperate characters. We crossed each other's path in many places, and many times we were on the eve of mortal combat, but he always shrank from a fair and open field and no favor. Finally he caught me helplessly intoxicated, and fell upon me with his bowie-knife, and left me for dead. He fled the country. I recovered slowly, and day after day, as I lay too much prostrated to turn on my bed, I vowed in my heart to follow him to the ends of the earth. I have at length found him. He is now in the condition he left me in, and I am revenged.'

After delivering this speech, in slow and measured accents, he folded his arms in conscious dignity and self-possession, awaiting his removal to prison.

'Such is life.' 'We are fearfully and wonderfully made.' What immense intellectual power was in this dreadful man! What capacity for good deeds! Alas! that in the inscrutable ways of PROVIDENCE such intellects should fall to the charge of parents totally incapable of appreciation and proper training. But methinks I see bright visions in the future. The subject of early training never before occupied so large a space in the thoughts of mothers—our only proper moral tutors—and may God give them light and strength!

The transition from the Middle and Western States to the city of New-Orleans, in days gone by, was as great as the change from an Atlantic city to one of the Old World. Indeed, the change was even more marked, inasmuch as no other city of the same number of inhabitants with that of New-Orleans could present such a varied and cosmopolitan population. My friend, the soliloquizing 'loafer,' was only one of a thousand strongly-marked characters to be met with by the close observer. Months might be spent in contemplation in the market-place and on the Levee, and the new phases of character would be as continually changing as are the various colors in the rainbow-spray that floats in fantastic forms around the brow of Niagara.

But hark! A shrill, harsh, piercing, grating sound is floating upon the air, as if Mount *Ætna* had taken cold, and was indulging in the agony of a sneeze. It announces the arrival of one of those floating palaces from the upper country, a high-pressure steam-boat, freighted with the varied productions of the valley of the Mississippi: beef, in barrels and on foot; pork, ditto; horses, mules, sheep, corn, oats, flour, beans, tobacco, hemp, lead, eggs, butter, nuts, geese, turkeys, ducks, chickens; and last, though not least, sundry 'Hoosiers,' 'Buckeyes,' 'Suckers,' 'Pukes,' and 'Wolvereens,' representing this incongruous mass of live stock, all wide awake, and ready for business. Some there may be who have visited New-Orleans before, and have had some experience in the *modus operandi* of selling turkeys; and others whose only knowledge comes from wonderful stories of how a man must keep both eyes open to hold fast to what the law allows him. Unfortunately, such fellows fail to profit by advice, since they are too prone to look upon it as the manufacture of rival traders, who would like to keep all the market to themselves.

The arrival of a steam-boat from the upper country brings together the 'Poultry-Dealers,' a class of population unknown in any other city of the Union, and confined almost exclusively to the female sex; a motley crowd of the fag-ends and waste-pieces of humanity, so strangely amalgamated as to verify the old adage, that 'It takes a wise child to know its own father.' It is usual to place such freight as poultry in coops, on the hurricane-deck of the vessel; and in discharging the cargo, these coops are the first to be removed. Hence, the sale of such ventures generally commences immediately on the arrival of the vessel; and it very often happens that before the coops are entirely discharged, the group of poultry-dealers are assembled on the Levee plotting a grand 'coup de Louis Napoleon.' The usual process with traders who have experience, is to look out for some huge pile of cotton-bales or other produce, and so arrange their coops as to have them fortified on all sides from the advances of the poultry-dealers, whom they very properly regard in the light of enemies. By this means, with the aid of one or two assistants armed with knives and tomahawks, they can keep all hands off the coops but their own, and then they hand out their turkeys securely, one by one, taking good care never to let one go until they get the money in their fists. But alas for those who have never cut their eye-teeth on the penny whistle! I have seen them running the gauntlet after the following manner: The dealers are always on the look-out for 'green-horns,' and know them at a glance. As soon as they see one, they surround his coops and commence jabbering like monkeys, and just about as intelligibly. This confuses him; and, watching their opportunity, they press upon him, all wanting to pay for a turkey which they have managed to get hold of at the same time, and each offering a bill, which requires time to hunt up the proper change. He soon becomes absorbed, and loses sight of his coops, and the minions of the dealers are then as busy as bees, emptying them, and covering their plunder like magic under their long dresses. Thus he goes on swimmingly over one coop, and his visions are bright with the profits he is realizing; for every turkey that he gets the money for is bringing him treble what it cost him. But what is his horror when, on looking around for the next coop to

commence operations on, he finds it entirely empty; and then another, and another, until, in a terrific agony, he cries out, 'Murder! murder! Stop thief! Every body run here! I'm robbed! ruined! I had a hundred turkeys, and, before God, I've only got the money for ten!' And, wringing his hands in anguish, he sinks down in hopeless despair.

In the days of which I write, there were 'gens d'armes' for the protection of life and property at night, and no city was more safe than New-Orleans; but experience had not then taught the efficiency of a day-police; and such robberies were frequent occurrences in the face of day; and the only protection the poor fellow had who ventured on shore with his coops of poultry was his own good right arm and mother-wit. Experience was then, as it is now, a good teacher, and no one ever suffered more than once; but strangers were continually pouring in with every arrival, and the unwary adventurer was 'done for' before he knew of the danger, and it was accomplished with such dexterity that redress was impossible.

But the New-Orleans of 1852 is not the New-Orleans of twenty years ago. The innovations of the Anglo-Saxon race have been steadily undermining the manners and customs of the aborigines of the country; and the lover of romance, on returning to the city after a lapse of years, sighs for the good old times that have passed away for ever. The Creole influence breathed its last breath in the late struggle against the amalgamation of all the municipalities under one government; and New-Orleans is now an Anglo-Saxon city. That her course is onward in the march of improvement, in wealth and commercial importance, no one can for a moment fail to perceive; but then, I cannot help regretting that this one spot should not have retained its primitive simplicity of manners as a reminiscence; an oasis in the desert of this unromantic age.

But it is not with the New-Orleans of 1852 that I have any sympathy. I love to dwell upon its peculiarities in days of yore, when life was a romance, rather than a reality, the very antipodes to life in any Anglo-Saxon city. It is true, business had to be attended to in those days as well as now, for man is no where exempt from labor; but then there was no occasion for violent and wearing exertion, or rail-road speed to keep ahead of his neighbor. The fruits of labor were so well preserved and appropriated, that 'enough was as good as a feast,' and all the work that was done was in reality more deserving the name of rational exercise than hard labor.

The proprietor of an establishment was on terms of close intimacy with his employées, and when the business of the day was over, night found them together in search of congenial amusements. On first observing this feature in society, I was forcibly struck with it, and could not but admit that the contrast between this course and that of ours of the Northern cities was manifestly against us, where the distance between the employer and his clerk is so great, and his disinclination to see him taking any amusement whatever is so well understood, that a young man has to tax his wits to find enjoyments that do not come under his displeasure.

How essential are pleasing recreations, both to health and happiness! And how much more certainly would the recreations sought by young men

be instructive and honorable, when shared in the society of their employers! But it seems we are ever playing at cross-purposes. The youth who feels the injustice of his unsympathizing employer, awaits the 'good time coming' when he is to assume the reins of government of an establishment, and find his redress in visiting his old experience, with compound interest, on the devoted heads of his employées.

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L I V E I T D O W N .

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BY RUFUS HENRY BACON.

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SHOULD envious tongues some malice frame,  
To soil and tarnish your good name:  
Live it down!

Grow not disheartened; 'tis the lot  
Of all men, whether good or not:  
Live it down!

Rail not in answer, but be calm;  
For silence yields a rapid balm:  
Live it down!

Go not among your friends and say,  
Evil hath fallen on my way:  
Live it down!

Far better thus yourself alone  
To suffer, than with friends bemoan  
The trouble that is all your own:  
Live it down!

What though men *evil* call your *good*?  
So CHRIST himself, misunderstood,  
Was nailed unto a cross of wood!

And now shall you, for lesser pain,  
Your inmost soul for ever stain  
By rendering evil back again?  
Live it down!

Oh! if you look to be forgiven,  
Love your own foes, the bitterest even,  
And love to you shall glide from heaven.

And when shall come the poisoned lie  
Swift from the bow of calumny;  
If you would turn it harmless by,  
And make the venomed falsehood die,  
In God's name, live it down!

*Ingleside, January, 1852.*

## ON THE ECONOMY OF CHARLES LAMB.

BY F. W. SHELTON.

I HAVE already alluded to Lamb's idiosyncrasy as a man of letters, and attempted to separate the components of so delicate a style. In the last scrutiny and analysis, they were found to represent the pure, precious, unalloyed gold of humanity. In this respect he was so peculiarly original, that his literary tastes unveiled his virtues, and did not serve to hide a blemish. Plausible style is apt to be a great hypocrite; and where you see well-culled words, and apparently without art and studied elegance, you are astonished often that those who write so well conduct themselves so ill. But we should not estimate any by their words alone, though they be *εἰσα πτεροεντα*, winged-words, like Homer's, or *χρυσιατερα χρυσοῦ*, more golden than gold, like Sappho's. They are the rich ore from the *mind* alone; and in comparison as the pit is deep, it is dark and noxious; while gems are more precious as they represent *tears* which gush up from the pure well-spring of the heart. 'Actions,' says the homely adage, 'speak louder than words,' and to this test I proceed next to subject the author, in building up, by degrees, a simple monument of affection to his memory. It will not be embellished with 'sepulchral lies,' costly devices, or cherubic emblems, but with the name of my dear friend, CHARLES LAMB. I call him my friend, because I know him, and love him almost more tenderly than I do any other writer. Shakspeare makes you acquainted with the hearts of others, but this one affectionately reveals his own; and though his speech is sometimes halting, and his words like Arabian odors wafted from a far distance, they tell an 'ower true tale' of what is, for the most part, regarded as fictitious Faëry Land—a heart of true love. A phase exhibited in the daily, practical life of *Charles*, will be the topic of this essay, that the rays of truth may be concentrated, and cast, with rosy light, on that part of a character which is so touching and beautiful.

The 'Final Memorials,' by Sergeant Talfourd, reveal a dreadful secret, religiously kept from the public eye for many years, and rendering the former biography unaccomplished. Few knew, beyond the precincts of his immediate residence, a fact in his history\* which invested it almost with the interest of a fatal drama, and gave to the complexion of his thoughts, even when most playful, a hue of tender sadness, such as the face of patient suffering is apt to wear. His sister, in whom a tendency to insanity early appeared, suddenly seized a case-knife and stabbed her aged mother to the heart. What a prospect was before him, immediately after the occurrence of this event!

'A matter of twenty people,' he says, in one room, thoughtlessly and jocularly jesting, his murdered parent in the other, at whose side he

\* To the fact that *only the fact* was recorded in the *London Times* and other newspapers, without any mention of *names*, this happy ignorance of the public was due, with reference to this unfortunate event.

kneeled almost frantic, asking God to forgive him for forgetting her so soon; his father in a state of drivelling dotage, seeking some one to play at his favorite game of cribbage while the coroner's inquest was sitting; a brother, incapacitated or indisposed to take care of old age; a sister, at present a raving maniac, and whose returning sanity was insecure, while he himself, with a proclivity to the like disorder, was but a poor clerk, a drudge at the India House, earning his bread by hard and uncongenial labor 'betwixt the daylight and the dark,' and the whole weight of this miserable family resting upon him! Was not all this enough to have crazed or crushed a stout, courageous man? How much more a youth with a spirit so gentle, in a body so delicate and frail! He rose up under the burden rather with the calmness and energy of a Christian than with the supernatural spasmodic effort of despair. 'I closed not my eyes in sleep that night,' he says, 'but lay without terrors and without despair. I have lost no sleep since. I had been long used *not to rest in things of sense*; had endeavored after a comprehension of mind unsatisfied with the 'ignorant present time,' and *this kept me up*.' From such a cloudy morning, which never cleared up into any thing better than a pale sunshine, his life was one of toil, of suffering, and of self-sacrifice, in whose placid intervals he went to wander in the flowery fields, and out of the gathered sweets compacted such delicious honey! Even the bitter food and poison commended to his lips, by assimilation with his chastened genius, became a nectar fitted for the gods. How many in like position would have succumbed to misery, or indulged a fitful genius, while every better principle became lax! Your geniuses are not the men to struggle in the wave:

'With lusty sinews throwing it aside,  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.'

Their cry is, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!' Charles was poor, industrious, frugal, temperate, honest, self-denying, and generous to the last degree. When I say this, it is not an extravagant way of speaking, but I mean to the very extremest verge. There is not one liberal man out of ten thousand, and he is only *penultimately* generous.

I have spent a day in following the light foot-prints of these virtues over the whole ground of Talfourd's last volume, and, looking at them as if in the wintry snows of his fortune, I have recognized them by their insimilitude to other tracks, and, stopping to admire one and another of them, as if it were antediluvian, have instinctively exclaimed: 'This is Lamb's!' Here is a measure which can only be applied to him, unless it may suit angels' footsteps on their 'few and far-between' visits to the earth. How well-defined! how delicate! how unlike the vulgar hoofs which all about have ground the soil and crushed the tender flowers! Beneath these tracks the myriads of microscopic things have life, unhurt by him who 'would not heedlessly set foot upon a worm!' Gentle Charles!

He was indeed poor. Educated according to the straitest sect a classical scholar, one of Nature's noblemen, with exacting tastes, and sensitive to the slightest rudeness of the world, though none depended on him, he would have been considered until his day of death in straitened circumstances. Wealth and poverty are comparative, and one has either,



according to the relations in which he is. The boor can more than satiate his desires with what he gains, while natural taste and artificial culture bleed from pinching want. It makes a great difference whether we wish a dinner of herbs, or a vellum-bound volume: a house with rude beams, or walls covered with choice pictures; a mug of home-brewed ale, or wine of some old vintage; familiarity with choice souls, or with the ignoble vulgar; rough work among the clods, or comfortable ease with dignity; to take a walk within the stony limits of necessity, or suburbanly among gardens such as Shenstone would admire: in short, pabulum for the mind, or mere beef and cabbage. 'When Southey becomes as modest as his predecessor Milton, and publishes his epics in duodecimo,' says the poverty-stricken essayist, who bitterly wanted the volumes, 'I will read them. A guinea a book is somewhat exorbitant, *nor have I the opportunity of borrowing the work.*' No; he had not the opportunity, or rather not the face, to borrow for himself; although, in the disinterestedness of his nature, he would submit to beg a book for his friend, to judge from the following extract, of a letter to Mr. Manning: 'Have you a copy of your Algebra to give away? I do not ask it for myself; but that worthy man and excellent poet, George Dyer, made me a visit to borrow one, supposing, rationally enough, that you had made me a present of one before this. Now, if he could step in and find, on Saturday morning, lying for him at the porter's lodge, Clifford's Inn, Manning's Algebra, with a neat manuscript on the blank-leaf, running thus from the author,' etc. We can imagine him looking wistfully at some old edition of his favorites, deposited on the shelves of a book-stall, with his hand in his pocket, weighing the chances of to-night's reading or to-day's dinner; then sorrowfully turning away, with his head full of lore, to take his place on a high bench before a desk at the India House, to pore all day over ledgers; books which, in his expressive language, were 'no books'—*biblia a-biblia*; snatching a moment or two to write a letter to Wordsworth, fantastically, under an official order or bill of sale, before going home to play all the evening at cribbage with a doting old man!

As to work, he says, 'It takes all the golden part of the day away; a solid lump from ten to four.' This is only a part of the sorrows of a poor man like Lamb: to have luxuries, such as exorbitant epics and rare volumes, inaccessible. The poet, with his god-like faculty, can create something out of nothing, if a little *time* be rescued to him from toil and supervening drowsiness, to indulge his genius with 'books which *are* books,' and with friends which *are* friends; sharpening his own face with each delightful frontispiece, and borrowing a few thoughts from some, only to return them new-stamped, and in a better coinage. But to have '*all the golden part of the day*' taken away, leaves him poor enough. A man of genius, who cannot afford to purchase the thoughts of others, can feed upon his own, if hard necessity allows a little breathing-spell. Such, however, was seldom the lot of Charles Lamb, unless we count his school-boy days, or hours spent in the little dusky room of the 'Cat and Salutation' tavern, before he attained his majority. Every evening, when he closed his ledgers, he sighed, '*Perdidi diem!*' 'In the lonesome, latter years,' he did indeed contrive to redeem a few precious morsels of time, to hold converse with living friends and the souls of departed authors. He took

the malleable ore, collected in those to him 'golden hours,' and chased it with an exquisite workmanship of his own, so that you would know that it was not done in common work-day hurry, but in some *happy* moments of inspiration, segregated from vulgar current time. After all, had he been gifted with the fee-simple of the long illuminated stretch between sunrise and sunset, having only to do with printed books instead of printed calicoes, would the Essays of Elia ever have been written? As the best flavored honey is not collected near the perpetual glowing belt of the Equator, but in the scarcer intervals of northern sunshine, so he extracted quittance in the narrow strips which lay between the dark hours.

Nor had he the means to satisfy a craving heart more prodigally than the desires of a craving intellect. A little boy of only fourteen years, whom I knew, once wrote, in that charming Doric simplicity which an older poet would not have used:

'How pleasant are the joys of love  
Unable to be told!'

*Unable to be told!* But the inability of such joys to be adequately expressed; that tender passion for the beautiful, and for woman, its highest type on earth, which is at the very core of every poet's heart, was painfully manifest in Charles, the most affectionate, yearning nature that ever was, nevertheless *too poor* to fall in love. Rather let me say, too noble, too Christian, to sacrifice the higher to the lower: an erotic passion to a hard, imperative duty, which is the love of God.

'Being just twenty years of age,' says Talfourd, 'he began to write verses, partly incited by the example of his only friend, Coleridge, whom he regarded with as much reverence as affection, and partly inspired by an attachment to a young lady, residing in the neighborhood of Islington, who is commemorated in his early verses as the 'fair-haired maid.' How his love prospered, we cannot ascertain; but we know how nobly that love, and all hope of the earthly blessings attendant on such an affection, were resigned, on the catastrophe which darkened the following year. The fair-haired maid, whatever her charms, was not preferred to a sister, who required all his care, until the very end of his life. For soon:

— 'UPON his poor, unsheltered head,  
Did PENURY her sickly mildew shed;  
And soon are fled the charms of early grace,  
And Joy's wild gleams, that lightened o'er his face.'

As he was a man of figures, (I refer not to those rhetorical or poetical ones with which his works are garnished, but to mere counting-house figures,) his melancholy account-current with the world, at the age of twenty-one, stood somewhat thus: Himself, an inefficient brother, an old aunt, a childish father, a sister in the mad-house to take care of; as an offset to which — But the account shall be rendered in his own words: 'My aunt has generously given up the interest of her little money, which was formerly paid my father for her board, wholly and solely to my sister's use. Reckoning this, we have, Daddy and I, for our two selves and an old maid-servant to look after him when I am out, seventy pounds, or rather one hundred and eighty pounds a year, out of which we can spare at least fifty or sixty pounds for Mary, while she stays at Islington, where she must and *shall* stay, during her father's life, for his and her comfort.

I know John will make speeches about it, but she shall not go into an hospital. The good lady of the mad-house and her daughter, an elegant, sweet-behaved young lady, love her, and are taken with her amazingly : and I know from her own mouth that she loves them, and longs to be with them as much. . . . A legacy of one hundred pounds, which my father will have at Christmas, and this twenty pounds I mentioned before, with what is in the house, will much more than set us clear. If my father, an old servant-maid, and I, can't live, and live comfortably, on one hundred and thirty or one hundred and twenty pounds a year, we ought to burn by slow fires : *and I almost would, that Mary might not go into an hospital !*'

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S T . R E G I S W I N D O F L A U F E N .

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FROM THE GERMAN OF J. KERNER.

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UNTIMELY WAS Lord ERNEST's wrath, when in an evil hour  
 He struck the false maid-servant with all his might and power :  
 He struck the false maid-servant, he spurned her with his heel :  
 'Now, Baron ERNEST, know, for this thou shalt my vengeance feel !'  
 It was the false maid-servant who hastened through the hall ;  
 She left the castle—sooth, her look might stoutest heart appal :  
 Adown the vale she hastened, with a fierce and eager joy,  
 While deeds of direst vengeance did her guilty thoughts employ.  
 There sported on the flowery mead Lord ERNEST's lovely child,  
 A maiden in the spring of life, of aspect sweet and mild ;  
 Then plucked the false maid-servant three roses from the heath,  
 With devilish art to lure the child to the wild stream beneath.  
 'Wilt come with me, my pretty babe, into the vale below ?  
 And I will lead thee to the spot where fairest flowerets grow.'  
 Then, grasping with a hurried hand the sunny locks that gleam  
 Adown her neck, like waving gold, she plunged her in the stream.  
 Awhile the waters hid the child, awhile it rose again :  
 Loud laughed in scorn that wicked hag ; full soon her vengeance came !  
 She fled from that accursed spot, fled over hill and plain ;  
 Many a weary year she roamed, but rest might never gain.  
 In Baron ERNEST's castle-hall is heard a wailing sound ;  
 In grief they brought him his dead child : 'mid roses was she found ;  
 And on her clay-cold cheek are seen—oh ! rare yet beauteous sight—  
 The mingled hues of the blushing rose and of the lily white !  
 In a coffin crowned with roses red he laid his darling child—  
 A dreary home for one like her, so gentle and so mild ;  
 And mothers with their tender babes, whose guileless souls ne'er sinned.  
 Have knelt in sorrow by the tomb of little REGISWIND ;  
 But whene'er the father visited his hapless daughter's grave,  
 The roses in new beauty bloomed, and rarest perfume gave.  
 And ever as departing years bring back the fatal day,  
 When from its gentle dwelling-place her spirit passed away,  
 To many a little child has come, when in infant slumbers bound,  
 The holy form of REGISWIND, with blooming roses crowned.  
 And many a little child since then, to early suffering given,  
 Whom death by night has visited, and called away to heaven,  
 At morn, by sorrowing parents in its cradle has been found,  
 Like the holy form of REGISWIND, with blooming roses crowned.

L. C

*The Fudge Papers:*

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY IR. MARVEL, AMANCUSIS FOR TONY FUDGE

## CHAPTER FIFTH

## WASH. FUDGE ABROAD.

'YEA, I protest, it is no salt desire  
 Of seeing countries, shifting a religion,  
 Nor any disaffection to the state  
 Where I was bred, (and unto which I owe  
 My dearest plots,) hath brought me out: much less  
 That idle, antique, stale, gray-headed project,  
 Of knowing men's minds and manners, with ULYSSES:  
 But a peculiar humor of my mother's.'

VOLPONE. BEN JONSON.

THE speech of Mr. POLITIC-WOULD-BE, in BEN JONSON's play, twangs as admirably with the humor and intent of WASH. FUDGE, as he set off upon his travels, as can be imagined. Mrs. FUDGE and WILHELMINA waved their handkerchiefs theatrically from the Jersey dock, as the steamer which bore GEORGE WASHINGTON paddled off into the bay. Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE waved his hat, in the graceful manner which he had learned when returning the plaudits paid to him as Mayor of the city.

I cannot say that the parties were much overcome, on either side. Mrs. FUDGE, as usual, bore up stoutly. WILHELMINA might, I think, have shed a tear or two, had her eye not lighted, in the very moment of her enthusiasm, upon a dashing fellow upon the quarter-deck: and she conceived the sudden and cruel design of fascinating him where he stood.

It is the custom to call ladies tender-hearted: I am inclined to doubt the fact. Certain it is, that cruelties of the kind above hinted at are practised from day to day in the most wanton manner, without any kind of provocation; and, fortunately, in many instances without any recompense. I have no doubt that the basilisk eyes of Wilhelmina were fastened upon the dashing gentleman at the very moment that she twirled her handkerchief for the last time toward the dimly-receding figure of WASH. FUDGE, and subsided gracefully into the arms of her mother. Her position was a good one upon the dock. Mrs. FUDGE had arranged her dress as she supported her; the cambric handkerchief, which waved adieu, was trimmed with lace; the wind was moderate; the by-standers were numerous; and the whole affair was creditable to the heart and to the head.

As the crowd dispersed, Miss WILHELMINA recovered her spirits and her footing.

As for WASH. FUDGE, who had learned some experience in the nautical line, by one or two excursions in mild weather, in a small, sloop-rigged yacht, to Coney-Island, he avowed himself to the dashing gentleman before-named, to be quite in his element. The element seemed to be kindred with his qualities down the bay, and for some twenty hours thereafter. After this, it would appear that young Mr. FUDGE was less talka-

tive than usual: he seemed fatigued; he reposed frequently upon the settees lashed to the 'lights' of the after-cabin. His appetite failed him, especially at breakfast. There were very violent calls for the steward from state-room number fourteen, such as could hardly have been anticipated from a dashing yacht-man, in his own element.

I am told that there is something excessively awkward in the position of a ship's decks at sea. My opinion is that WASH. FUDGE experienced this awkwardness very sensibly. I can imagine my young friend, wedged of a morning very tightly in the angle formed by a thin mattress and the wall of his state-room, the victim of irresolution, and of considerable nausea. I can fancy his plaid pantaloons swinging over him, in a very extraordinary manner, from the farther side of his room, the contents of his wash-bowl plunging toward him very threateningly, and the bed-clothes, and ship generally, wearing a very bad smell. In any delirious attempts to dress, I can easily imagine him making sad plunges toward the leg of his pantaloons, sometimes taking a rest, with his hand in the wash-bowl, and struggling frightfully to recover the escaping end of his cravat. Under these circumstances, and while recovering some composure by a resort to a horizontal position, I can imagine the contrast afforded by the pleasant, off-hand manner of the English steward, as he announces breakfast: and I think I can picture to myself the parched and yellow expression of my usually cheerful young friend, as he listens to the appetizing and kind enumeration of 'Grilled fowl, Sir! nice curry, Sir! broiled bacon, Sir!'

Young Mr. FUDGE has been specially commended by Mr. FUDGE, senior, to the Captain. The Captain would not, of course, fail to be obedient to the wishes of Mr. FUDGE, late Mayor, etc. He pays them the same degree of regard which sea-captains usually pay to such demands upon their time and attention. On the third day, perhaps, he pays a visit to his *protégé*:

'Eh, bless me! not out *yet*, Mr. FUDGE?—rather under the weather?'

'Deveelish sick, Captain!'

'Ah, well, brave it out, my man: eat hearty: stir about: rather nasty weather, this. Good morning.'

A bottle of old particular Madeira, secured upon the first day, holds its place obstinately in the rack: Mr. FUDGE finds that taste changes at sea. A nice little packet of flat cigars, on which he had counted for a vast deal of luxury, are entirely discarded. The same may be said of a nicely-ruled diary, in which Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE had suggested the record of such practical observations as occurred to his son upon the voyage. There are, indeed, a few notes upon New-York bay: brief mention of the first day's longitude, and one or two observations upon steam-engines. In a letter to an old companion, eked out upon the calm days, WASH. FUDGE shows himself more discursive, and possessed of more fertile resources:

'Dear Tom,' he writes, 'hope you are well and thriving down at Bassford's to-night: can't say the same for myself. The motion is different from that of the Sylph, and the engines keep up an infernal clatter: prefer sailing, myself. Beside, one has no appetite: the truth is, I've been a little under the weather. My chum, a chubby Englishman, in gray coat and

gaiters, shaves regularly at eight. I expect to see him cut his throat every breezy morning: it would be a great relief.

'I don't know as you were ever sea-sick; it's uncommonly annoying!

'I have managed a game or two of piquet, with a nice, gentlemanly fellow aboard; but he plays devilish well: no very tall figures; but I'm in for three or four pound. I mean to learn the game.

'There's a confounded pretty girl aboard — *Jenkins* is her name — with her father or uncle, I don't know which. I wish you'd find out who they are, what set, etc., and let me know. She's deuced stylish. No chance for flirtation aboard ship. When you come, Tom, don't, for Heaven's sake, count on any great dash. It's no go. The style is a stout sou'-wester, and gray pants: only at dinner a little show of waistcoat and fob-chain.

'I take pen again to tell you the voyage is up. Irish shores in sight. Uncommon low, black steamers they have this side. Haven't made any progress with Miss *JENKINS*: shall see her in Paris: am in for four pound more at that infernal piquet: mean to learn it. Give my love to the boys.'

From the Adelphi, Liverpool, WASH. FUDGE, in obedience to maternal wishes, communicates such facts as he trusts will be interesting to Mrs. FUDGE. I quote only a few passages, which certainly show a condensed and pointed style, as well as careful observation:

'Immensely stormy passage, and there were great fears of being lost: at which I hope you will not be alarmed, as it is now over. Was sick for a day or so, but soon over it. There was a pretty Miss *JENKINS*: blue eyes, uncommon pretty hair. Do you know any family of that name? Write me if you do: also any thing else interesting.

'*Liverpool* is quite a large place, but foggy, very. The ladies hold up their clothes at the crossings considerably higher than in New-York: clogs pretty general. Don't dress so prettily: rather taller than they are at home: fatter, too. Haven't seen many pretty faces: Miss *JENKINS*'s is the prettiest.

'They gamble badly on board ships. It is melancholy to think of it. Kept a diary, but it's too big to send with this, postage being high. Shall write again from Paris or London, can't now say which.

'Love to WILHE. Yrs. aff'y.'

At London, WASH. FUDGE is quartered at Morley's Hotel, recommended by his dashing partner at piquet. He understands, moreover, that the *JENKINS*s have expressed an intention of stopping at the same house. He has the misfortune, however, to miss them.

In obedience to the reiterated wishes of Mr. *SOLOMON FUDGE*, he transmits to that gentleman a brief record of his observations. I beg to premise, that Mr. *SOLOMON FUDGE*, with true business tact, had always recommended great precision of language, no redundancy of words, and close observation of foreign habit, especially in all that related to commercial life, into which line he has a strong hope of one day warping his son's somewhat scattered habits. The hope appears, in some degree, illusory.

'My dear father,' writes *WASHINGTON*, 'for account of voyage please see mother's letter of 6th: also for general notes on Liverpool. The



docks are large, of brown stone, containing an immense deal of shipping. They are called Prince's dock, Salt-house dock, Queen's dock, and others : all said to have been dug out of the cemetery, which seems probable, as the cemetery is very deep.

'Delivered Mr. M.'s letter the 4th. Counting-rooms in Liverpool are dark, in other respects resemble those of New-York. Dined with Mr. M. next day : expressed regard for you. Dinner much the same as at home, only sit longer over wine : glass of porter served. Beef is specially tender and juicy. Waiter wears white gloves : ditto cravat. I think this description of a British merchant's dinner will be agreeable to you.

'Left Liverpool Monday. They call the cars carriages : stuffed seats, but very expensive. I am afraid, dear father, you will have to extend my credit two hundred pounds. Station-house at Birmingham is very large ; built, I should think, of iron. Did n't see much of the country : should say it was fertile, very. Could n't tell how many passengers there were, but rather a long train.

'As you have seen London, I will not describe it. A young gentleman came on with me, who has kindly showed me a good many of the buildings, theatres, and others : but as he is rather a gay lark, I think I shall avoid him some.

'I go to church on Sundays : quite a large church at Liverpool, with a chime of bells. I have not been to the docks yet, but hope to, in case I leave by sea. I shall go to Paris shortly, and remain, meantime, very dutifully, etc.'

Not being myself very familiar with London, I do not wish to be considered personally responsible for any statements above made. It is, perhaps, needless to remark that WASH. FUDGE visited the Tower, the Hay-market, and London Bridge, with great apparent interest : he was also particularly struck with the huge sentry at the gate of the Horse-Guards. In short, like most young Americans, Mr. FUDGE turned his back upon England, with only such knowledge of British habit as could be picked up along Oxford-street and the Strand, and with such acquaintance with the British country and agriculture as may be gained in the Park of St. James, or in the 'Long Walk' of Windsor.

At Paris, WASH. FUDGE is again, as he expresses it, in his own element, notwithstanding a very unfortunate ignorance of the language. He takes rooms, as most fresh Americans do, upon the Rue-Rivoli, and commences observations of continental habit by minute study of the long-legged English, and dashing couriers, who usually throng the court-yard of MEURICE. These observations, being of a valuable character, he jots down for Mr. SOL. FUDGE, of Wall-street, in this strain :

—'Thus far it appears to me that the French are a tall people, and talk considerable English : some wear gilt bands on their hats. They (the bankers) have their offices in their houses, and call them, very funnily, *bureaux*.

'Paris is an expensive place, and I hope you will remember about the credit : am glad to see Dauphin is rising : hope it will *keep* rising. M. HORTINGUER was very polite : asked me to step in occasionally, and read the papers. They call the Exchange, *Bourse*, I find, and do considerable business. It is a building with pillars : theatre opposite. I rarely go to

the theatre. They have beautiful gardens here : Tuileries, and Mabil, and others. Occasionally they dance in them. The French are fond of dancing. I shall probably practise a little.

'As you advised me to pay attention to business matters, called to-day at several shops on the Rue de la Paix. The shop-keepers are very polite. A great deal of wine is sold in Paris. Some newspapers are published. I have not had much time to read them. The form of government is republican. People seem contented, especially at the balls up the Champs Elysées : (translated, means Elysian Fields!!) Am getting on pretty well with French. A good deal of order seems to prevail. The wine is made in the provinces. I have not yet seen the provinces : am told they are very extensive : also the vineyards. Have not yet seen the President, but a good many cuts of him : the cuts are said to be very fair.'

It may be as well to leave our cousin WASH. at this point, premising only that he has ascertained the quarters of the beautiful Miss JENKINS, having met with her two successive nights at the opera, and only waits for advices from his mother, to decide upon the policy of prosecuting the acquaintance : Mrs. FUDGE, with true maternal regard, having cautioned her son against forming such associations abroad as would retard his advancement upon a return to New-York, especially among American travellers. There was a time, indeed, when the rarity and expense of foreign travel was a certain guaranty for gentility ; but now-a-days, as Mrs. FUDGE very justly observes, the popular taste for European society and observation renders a great deal of caution imperative.

## CHAPTER SIXTH.

## OTHER FUDGES

'LIKE to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet a union in partition,  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem :  
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;  
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
Due but to one, and crownéd with one crest.'

SHAKESPEARE.

THE novelists have a happy way of shifting their ground very much at random ; and I observe that they do it more especially when they lack material to carry out any particular description or story. I admire their good sense, which avails itself of a rhetorical figure to conceal their poverty. I shall do the same thing myself.

I have already spoken of Mrs. FUDGE, the widow, and of her daughters, JEMIMA and BRIDGET FUDGE. I now take the liberty of introducing them more particularly. I feel sure they will appreciate the honor. They admire literary people. They adore sonnets. And if the two Miss FUDGES were not rather old girls, there would be no safety for stray unmarried poets. They would be carried by storm, particularly by Miss JEMIMA.

To Miss BRIDGET, as I have already observed, I have recommended a cheerful, retired, retail man, of an opposite lodging. The affair, however, does not progress beyond the opera-glass already mentioned.

They live humbly, in a street little known. Their parlors are dingy,

but furnished in *recherché* style. There is a plaster cast, full length, of Juno, another of Hebe; attractive figures, both of them. There is very much crewel-work, for which cousin BRIDGET is famous.

Asking my readers up stairs, I beg to present them to the Miss FUDGES, in their chamber. The thought of this will spread blushes upon their cheeks. They are seated by the window, commanding a view of the grocer's window, already alluded to.

BRIDGET is busy with her embroidery, relieved by occasional somewhat frigid glances over the way; where, presently, the identical grocer and opera-glass do, singularly enough, make their appearance. JEMIMA wonders that her sister can give any countenance to such awkward attentions. To which BRIDGET insists very strongly that such a thought had never entered her head; that she would not show enough notice of the gentleman to leave the window; wonders her sister could have imagined such a thing; breaks her crewel in her mortification; hunts over her basket for the right color; pricks her finger, and relieves herself by an indignant look at her sister, and another furtive glance over the way.

JEMIMA, meantime, having disposed a stray curl, which 'gives' (as the French say) upon the street in a killing manner, rests her brow upon her fore-finger (the ring is a row of pearls) and continues her reading of TUPPER on Love.

The grocer improves the occasion to convey his hand to his mouth, and to waft what may possibly be a kiss across the way. Miss BRIDGET is, of course, horribly scandalized, blushes very deeply, glances at JEMIMA, lights up with a ray of sisterly affection, and, without one thought of meeting opposite gallantries, conveys her hand innocently to her mouth, for the sake of drawing her crewel a little farther through the eye of her needle.

JEMIMA, meantime, sighing over some exquisite passage of MARTIN FARQUHAR, slightly changes the position of her fore-finger, so as to smooth the hair at its parting, employing the opportunity for a very virtuous glance over the way. The poor grocer was just then unfortunately returning, in a vehement way, what he considered the advances of Miss BRIDGET. JEMIMA is very naturally shocked in her turn, and vents her excess of indignation upon Miss BRIDGET.

The quarrel would undoubtedly have ended — as such sisterly quarrels usually do — in tears, if at that very moment the maid had not made her appearance with a letter for the Misses FUDGE.

I know nothing, so far as my own limited experience of the society of maiden ladies extends, which so sets in motion the blood of a prudish damsel upon the wrong side of the marrying age, whether it be twenty, twenty-five, or thirty, (for these things are regulated more by character than by age,) than the announcement of a letter. Whether it is that the frail residuary hope seems to lie in that imaginary form, or what may be the reason, I will not undertake to say. Certain it is that I never yet met, in all my varied observation, with a lady very prudish, very ugly, very old, or very disconsolate, whose eyes did not expand and leap forward, as it were, at the mere mention of a letter. It is a singular fact; and as such only, I beg leave to record it.

The letter here in question was addressed in a manly hand, a strange

hand, but, unfortunately, to the sisters in common. It could, therefore, contain no express proposal. Much as the sisters were attached to each other, I cannot but think that this indefinite mode of address was a source of regret to both.

BRIDGET had no doubt of its being from the gentleman opposite, who had availed himself of this ruse, to open communication with herself. JEMIMA doubted as little that it was a waif of praise from some admirer of her poems, who was desirous of a personal interview with the rare creature who had so disturbed his dreams.

After a pleasant sisterly quarrel, it was agreed that JEMIMA, being the more literary of the two, should have the opening of the mysterious paper, while BRIDGET should keep an eye over her shoulder, to see that all went off properly.

‘My dear cousins!’

The surprise of such commencement, compelled instant reference to the close of the letter.

‘Pshaw!’ said JEMIMA.

‘Faugh!’ exclaimed BRIDGET.

I observe that it is the way with accredited story-tellers to make large draughts upon the organ of the marvellous. Mr. JAMES would, I have not a doubt, under present circumstances, furbish up a letter full of ingenious hints at some great crime, or equally ingenious hints of some prospective elopement, and conceal the name at the end, until it should become revealed very effectively at the tail of some old parchment deed, discovered by accident in some old desk of an old house.

I shall do nothing of the kind: first, because I am not writing a novel; and second, because I should fail if I attempted it.

The name at the close of the letter was none other than TRUMAN BODGERS.

The letter did not contain the slightest hint of any elopement; nothing of the kind. It was a business letter, yet arranged with tact and affection. I shall give the burden of it in my own way.

I have already spoken of KITTY FLEMING, living in the same town with TRUMAN BODGERS, and niece of Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE. I have expressed some admiration for the young lady named. It is needless, therefore, to remark upon her attractions: she is pretty. Mr. BODGERS knows it, and partly out of real kindness—for he is a man of the old stamp—and partly out of spite at cousin PHEBE, who has discountenanced his views, he is desirous of giving to KITTY a sight of the world, and a little ‘top-dressing,’ as he calls it, of city-life.

With this intent he makes appeal to Misses BRIDGET and JEMIMA, thinking, I dare say, and with a great deal of discretion, that Miss KITTY will be eminently safe under their guardianship. Mr. BODGERS is a shrewd man, and, fancying that opposition to the plan would come chiefly from the ‘girls,’ has addressed the daughters rather than the mother: thinking very plausibly that if he could but open their hearts, the old lady, in virtue of a postscript relating to ‘compensation’—‘feeling of delicacy’—‘his own lack of family’—‘no hesitation, etc.,’ would cheerfully comply.

‘It’s very odd!’ said Miss BRIDGET.

'Very,' said JEMIMA.  
 'Can he think of marrying her, MINNY?'  
 'Nonsense, BRIDGET: he's forty.'  
 'Forty's not *very* old, MINNY, dear.'  
 'I wonder if she's pretty?' said JEMIMA.  
 'They say she is: quite pretty, for a country-girl,' said BRIDGET, despondingly.  
 JEMIMA's face lengthened in the slightest perceptible degree.  
 'How can we take her, BRIDGET, dear?' said she.  
 'To be sure, how *can* we?' said BRIDGET, glancing over the way.  
 'Possibly she may be a belle,' said JEMIMA.  
 'Who knows?' said BRIDGET, with an air of resignation.  
 'That would mortify Aunt SOLOMON,' said JEMIMA, reviving.  
 'And WILHELMINA,' said BRIDGET, cheerfully.  
 'BRIDGET, dear, I think she had better come.'  
 The last view of the matter was decisive. The pretty KITTY FLEMING, then, is to be transferred from the quiet shades of Newtown to the small front chamber of the Widow FUDGE.

THUS, upon one side we have the cheerful WASH. FUDGE in plaid tights, coquetting with the heroines of the Mabil, while the elegant Miss JENKINS looks on coldly from the distance.

Upon the other, we have the timid KITTY, making her entrée upon New-York life, supported by the affectionate sisters, JEMIMA and BRIDGET, while the dashing WILHELMINA appears in the back-ground, covering gracefully the retreat of Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE.

Upon this disposition of the family characters, I beg leave to drop the curtain for another month.

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S O N N E T .

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TO MISS J. A. S.

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FRIEND of my heart!—Jo, JOSIE, JOSEPHINE,  
 (Take whatsoever name may suit thee best);  
 In what sweet future, by the kind Fates blest,  
 Dwells he whose heart shall claim thee as its queen?  
 Me, other bonds detain; yet in my heart  
 I hang these votive lines, a gift to thee,  
 Like dripping sea-weed from Life's changeful sea,  
 For Friendship's sacred altars set apart.  
 So, while amid thy thoughts Love haply writes  
 Another name, oh leave, I pray, for me  
 A little place in thy sweet memory;  
 That thoughts of thee, like stars on stormy nights,  
 May shine upon me while Life's pulse still lingers,  
 Or thy sweet harp seems 'touched by fairy fingers.'

Utica.

H. W. R.

## T H E C H I L D ' S F O O T S T E P S .

BY MRS. E. H. EVANS.

## I.

THERE is a sound most musical and sweet,  
A sound that ever bringeth joy to me,  
And thoughts of innocence for angels meet,  
And warmest love in all its purity :  
'Tis the light bounding step, all gay and fleet,  
Of happy childhood, with its tiny feet.

## II.

No noiseless gliding, as on sin intent,  
Nor slow and measured entrance at the door ;  
Each footstep, with a music eloquent,  
Sounds clear on winding stair or polished floor ;  
And ere the little dimpled face appears,  
The quick, sweet bound hath charmed away my cares.

## III.

Whether in satin slipper delicate,  
Or in its native freedom springing by ;  
If in proud palace halls its petted fate,  
Or in the lowly home of poverty ;  
Alike its buoyant gladness charms the ear,  
And bringeth thoughts of heavenly beauty near.

## IV.

I wonder not, if, in His lowly guise,  
Surrounded by the hardened and the vile,  
A sudden splendor lit the SAVIOUR'S eyes,  
And His lips parted with a holy smile,  
When, with their upward, sunny gaze, drew nigh  
The little fearless forms of infancy.

## V.

Ah, blessed little ones ! Their rosy charms  
Leaned on His bosom, all unpaled by fear :  
Serenely resting in His mighty arms  
Who framed the glory of each starry sphere,  
No thoughts of sinful years for *them* uprose ;  
No grief or shame to mar their sweet repose.

## VI.

Then let His lowly followers not disdain  
To guard such flower-like beauty for their Lord,  
Nor deem the moments wasted, while they train  
Fair infant minds obedient to his Word.  
Nay, rather let us, as their bloom we view,  
Seek our own innocent pleasures to renew.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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HAND-BOOK OF WINES, PRACTICAL, THEORETICAL, AND HISTORICAL: with a Description of Foreign Spirits and Liqueurs. By THOMAS McMULLEN. In one volume: pp. 327. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THE elegant form and appearance of this volume, and the manifold edification we had derived from its perusal, were moving our critical judgment to a highly favorable notice of the same, when, on a sudden, a ghastly apparition obtruded itself upon our intellectual view, and plunged us into a fit of doubt and musing. Recalling to mind the awful image under which our favorite, JEAN PAUL, has represented VICE, as a mighty serpent, enveloping in its folds the entire globe, and burying its head deep in the human heart, we could not but pause and hesitate, lest by unguarded approbation we might haply entice new prey into the jaws of the truculent monster, or bring fresh victims within the charmed circle of its fascination. Under the influence of this appalling phantom, we had half resolved to refrain from laying such a stone of offence as the present recommendation must be in the path of our respected friends who urge the axe or guide the buoyant raft (plotting meanwhile the regeneration, *volens volens*, of the human race) between Piscataqua and the far Passamaquoddy, when our *famulus*, or literary attendant—who possesses, in the absence of other funds, a very considerable one of practical good sense, and has made so many ‘experiments of living’ that he can speak of them all from actual knowledge—presented himself before us, poisoning with a delicate hand, so as not to agitate the precious contents, a bottle of genuine Chambertin, the gift of a valued friend to our thrice-unworthy self, and singing, with no unmelodious voice, the lines from ‘Les Petits Coups’ which run:

‘MAÎTRES de tous nos désirs,  
Régions-les, sans les contraindre:  
Plus l’excès nuit aux plaisirs,  
Amis, plus nous devons le craindre.’

Hereupon, the serpent which had so annoyed us rapidly uncoiled itself and retired into a dark corner; and as the *famulus* placed before us the welcome flask, shrewdly remarking that wine was undeniably a good thing, although it might sometimes tumble a man down stairs, we returned to our original purpose and penned the following lines, which we recommend to the reader’s attention.

Vice is surely nothing else than the abuse or misuse of those sources of pleasure which PROVIDENCE has bestowed on man to cheer his journey through life. Are we then to look upon the various benefactions of a kind CREATOR as only so many snares to tempt us to our ruin, and rudely to repulse the proffered kindness? No! Where Nature ‘spreads a common feast for all that lives,’ the ascetic



who coldly rejects her bounties appears to a rightly-judging mind but little less culpable and quite as ungrateful as the boor who grossly riots in her abundance.

That the vine deserves to be ranked among the most precious of vegetable productions, is apparent from Mr. McMULLEN's first chapter, which contains much curious information about the various uses of the plant, some of which will be quite new and surprising to those unacquainted with the subject, who will find it treated in a very agreeable manner. In the excellent chapters on 'Wine' in general, which are prefixed to those that treat of particular kinds, as well as in the one on 'Fermentation,' this latter process is seen to be so simple and natural, and to take place in such a vast variety of liquids, that we must perforce regard the generous draught thereby obtained as specially designed for man's solace and delight. Our author next proceeds to particularize the wines of the different countries of the world; and his terse, accurate, and interesting descriptions will be found extremely convenient for reference. The remaining portion of the work, however, will perhaps prove the most attractive to the general reader. Under the heads, 'Conservation of Wines,' 'Mixing of Wines,' 'Adulteration of Wines,' 'Purchasing of Wines,' etc., it imparts such information as tends on the one hand to promote rational and refined enjoyment, and on the other to discourage intemperate indulgence.

On the whole, we regard the appearance of this 'Hand-Book' with pleasure, and warmly recommend it to our readers. It is a careful and judicious blending of all the valuable matter contained in the very best European authorities on the subject, and may well take rank as a standard authority and book of reference with regard to wines and foreign spirits, which latter subject also receives its due share of attention. The author possesses a practical experience which embraces both Europe and this country, and extends over a period of thirty years. His *dicta* may therefore be safely relied on by the physician, the merchant, and the druggist, as well as by the ordinary consumer and the connoisseur. As a specimen of his style, we quote this delightful picture of the 'pleasant land of France:'

'The cultivation in all the wine districts is agreeably striking; and the beautiful vineyards which so charmingly clothe the sides of hills, otherwise barren from not suiting a different purpose in agriculture, with fertility and verdure; even the rockiest and shallowest lands, from the Moselle to the Mediterranean, from the Rhine to the Atlantic, display in this way either the skill or the old prejudices of the people. As a whole, what a picture does this rich country present, flowing with corn, silk, wine, oil, and honey! Corn, wine, mulberries, and olives, dividing from north to south the soil which a genial sun warms, and an agricultural population look upon with unfailing joyousness.

'In other countries, to nature is left almost the sole management of the production of such wines as obtain a celebrity beyond the territory in which they are grown. In Italy and Spain, nature has done every thing, and man has generally deteriorated her gifts. One of the first red wines in the world is the Val de Penas, yet it is scarcely to be drank beyond Manzanares without the defilement of pitch from the goat-skins in which it is carried. In France, the slightest foreign taste, scarcely perceptible to the stranger, would not be suffered in the better classes of wine. The national honor cannot be more scrupulously watched, than the purity and perfect quality of the fruit of the vintage is regarded by the better class of vine-growers. The consequence is, that no wines in the world are its equals.

'The production of wine constitutes the materials of a vast commerce, and is, next to the ordinary business of agriculture, by far the most extensive and valuable branch of industry in France. It is stated on the best authority that the quantity of wine annually produced in France amounts at an average to one billion one hundred millions of gallons, and its value is not less than two hundred millions of dollars. Upward of three millions of persons are employed in its production, and about three hundred thousand wine-sellers.' — pp. 48, 49.

How forcibly are we here reminded of the mythic story of the Greeks, according to whom BACCHUS follows CERES to civilize the earth and unite mankind in the gentle bonds of social polity. When we reflect that, as our author tells us, (p. 4,) 'in America upward of seventy kinds of wild vine are known,' and that the two finest of the French wines, champagne and burgundy, are produced at

the most northern limit of the vine region, we cannot but entertain the hope that our own vicinity may some day exhibit a similar scene of happy industry and well-rewarded labor. It is plain that debasing indulgence in spirituous liquors would thereby be greatly checked.

The chapter on the 'Art of Drinking Wine' abounds in lively and sensible observations, and a collection of some of the choicest proverbs and sayings relating to wine appropriately succeeds. We observe, however, that the following distich has escaped Mr. McMULLEN's notice. Profound researches in German literature have lately brought it to our knowledge. It comes from a nation of deep-thinkers and deep-drinkers, and may be supposed to contain the sum and substance of their ripe reflections on the subject, and reads:

'WER nicht liebt Wein, Weib, und Gesang,  
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Lebelang.'

of which an accurate translation must conclude our notice:

'Who loves not Woman, Wine, and Song,  
Remains a fool his whole life long.'

'Whate'er the frowning zealots say,' we must give them this parting shot.

**THE STANDARD SPEAKER:** Containing Exercises in Prose and Poetry for Declamation in Schools, Academies, Lyceums, and Colleges, newly translated or compiled from celebrated Orators, Authors, and Popular Debaters, ancient and modern: a Treatise on Oratory and Elocution: Notes Explanatory and Biographical. By EPES SARGENT. In one volume, large 12mo: pp. 558. Philadelphia: THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT AND COMPANY.

Most of our compilers seem to have regarded it merely as a leisure day's pastime among old scrap-books and antecedent school-books, to make up a 'Speaker.' Very differently has the editor of the present large and handsome volume entered upon his task. While he has retained all the indispensable master-pieces, and restored many that have been omitted from the collections of the last twenty years, he has given an amount of fresh, new, and appropriate matter, that will astonish and delight the youthful prize-seeking orators of our academies and schools. He has translated from MIRABEAU and VICTOR HUGO a number of speeches of appropriate length, which will become as familiar as the 'Give me liberty, or give me death' speech of PATRICK HENRY. That by Hugo at the trial of his son, and that on the liberty of the press, are among the most forcible specimens of oratory of any age. Three or four eloquent passages from ROBESPIERRE are given; and the department of translated French oratory is rich in striking and effective pieces, now for the first time rendered into English. Ancient eloquence is well represented; and here, too, the editor has given new selections, translations, and adaptations, showing how much good material has been neglected by our elocutionary compilers. The speeches of BRUTUS, CANULEIUS, and VIRGINIUS, paraphrased from LIVY, will all become favorites in our schools. The passages from DEMOSTHENES, ÆSCHINES, and CICERO are as spirited, in the new versions here given, as any thing in the whole range of modern oratory. Some capital extracts for declamation are quoted from what the editor calls 'that strangely depreciated work,' COWPER'S HOMER. It is indeed a little surprising that these passages have not been before appropriated by our compilers. We can only account for it on the supposition which we mentioned at starting. Under the Senatorial division are a succession of brilliant exercises, a great majority of

which are now for the first time introduced into a Speaker. Nothing could be better for the purpose than those of CHATHAM, BURKE, GRATTAN, BARRE, FOX, SHERIDAN, CANNING, and, among the debaters of later times, of BROUGHAM, TALFOURD, CROKER, MACAULAY, and SHEIL. The selections from the last two are particularly good, and will soon be familiar as household words in the mouths of school-boys. SHEIL's splendid harangue in reply to LYNCHURST's slur upon the Irish as 'aliens' is not forgotten. What adds materially to the interest of this department, and indeed of the whole work, are the notes, explanatory and biographical, illustrative of the text, and conveying information that the student ought to be possessed of, in order to declaim intelligently. The eloquence of the United States is well represented, and without a sign of sectional bias.

The dramatic and poetical departments are well filled; and while the 'standard' character of the work is faithfully adhered to, many new and choice extracts and entire pieces are given, which have the merit of novelty and striking adaptiveness to the purpose of recitation. SCHILLER is laid under contribution for some highly dramatic and beautiful exercises; while from KNOWLES, BULWER, CROLY, and other authors, many are derived that cannot fail to be much sought after by pupils. An original treatise on Oratory and Elocution opens the work, in which, while giving a faithful review of all the prominent systems, the editor expresses his incredulity in regard to their efficacy; and applies to them COWPER's well-known lines:

'DEFEND me, therefore, common sense, say I,  
From reveries so airy; from the toil  
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,  
And growing old in drawing nothing up!'

Among the original translations in the book is the following, versified from a prose fable, but so altered that it might be more appropriately called a paraphrase:

#### THE GREAT MUSICAL CRITIC.

Once on a time, the Nightingale, whose singing  
Had with her praises set the forest ringing,  
Consented at a concert to appear.  
Of course her friends all flocked to hear,  
And with them many a critic wide awake  
To pick a flaw or carp at a mistake:  
She sang as only Nightingales can sing;  
And, when she'd ended,  
There was a general cry of 'Bravo! splendid!'  
While she, poor thing,  
Abashed and fluttering, to her nest retreated,  
Quite terrified to be so warmly greeted.  
The Turkeys gobbled their delight; the Geese,  
Who had been known to hiss at many a trial,  
Gave this one no denial:  
It seemed as if the applause would never cease.

But 'mong the critics on the ground,  
An Ass was present, pompous and profound,  
Who said: 'My friends, I'll not dispute the honor  
That you would do our little prima donna.  
Although her upper notes are very shrill,  
And she defies all method in her trill,  
She has some talent, and, upon the whole,  
With study, may some cleverness attain.  
Then, her friends tell me, she's a virtuous soul;  
But, but —'  
'But!' growled the Lion; 'by my mane!  
I never knew an Ass who did not strain  
To qualify a good thing with a *but*!'  
'Nay,' said the Goose, approaching with a strut,  
'Do n't interrupt him, Sire; pray let it pass:  
The Ass is honest, if he is an Ass.'

'I was about,' said Long Ear, 'to remark,  
That there is something lacking in her whistle —  
Something magnetic,  
To waken chords and feelings sympathetic,  
And kindle in the breast a spark,  
Like — like, for instance, a good juicy thistle.'

The assembly tittered; but the Fox, with gravity,  
Said, at the Lion winking:

'Our learned friend, with his accustomed suavity,  
Has given his opinion without shrinking;  
But, to do justice to the Nightingale,  
He should inform us, as no doubt he will,  
What sort of music 't is that does not fail  
His sensibilities to rouse and thrill.'

'Why,' said the critic, with an air potential,  
And pricking up his ears, delighted much  
At Reynard's tone and manner deferential;  
'Why, Sir, there's nothing can so deeply touch  
My feelings, and so carry me away,  
As a fine, mellow, ear-inspiring bray!'

'I thought so,' said the Fox, without a pause;  
'As far as you're concerned, your judgment's true:  
You do not like the Nightingale, because  
The Nightingale is not an Ass like you!'

PYNNSHURST: HIS WANDERINGS AND WAYS OF THINKING. By DONALD McLEOD. One volume: pp. 300. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

THIS is the title of a forthcoming volume, at present in the press of CHARLES SCRIBNER, containing pictures of scenes in Switzerland, valleys, mountain-passes, and avalanches; now an episode by way of foil; now a lively conversation with a peasant; now a legend, the whole strung on a charming narrative. From a perusal of some of the proof-sheets, we are prepared to pronounce it a brilliant production, abounding in touches of wit, and passages of the most tender beauty. We content ourselves for the present by fortifying our assertion with the following sketch, or episode. It is called in the book, '*Little Paquette*:'

"You see, Monsieur, that ADELE (that was PAQUETTE's mother) was our youngest child, and very pretty, and as merry as a bird, with the lightest foot in the dance, and the sweetest voice for a song, and a rosy cheek, and soft eyes, full of love and gentleness.

"When she went away in the morning to her work, (for she made gloves, Monsieur,) it was like a light put out; and when she came back, the house got bright again.

"Well, in the winter she was kept very late; and coming home one night, she said she was not well; and at last we refused to let her go out any more, and she would sit in her room and cry all the day long; and so, by-and-by, little PAQUETTE was born; but ADELE was not married.

"Poor ADELE, she is dead now; we buried her the day her child was christened.

"Till she died, she never tired of holding it in her arms and kissing it, but she never smiled till after she was dead, and then the sweet light came back again to her face. Father ADRIEN called it the smile of the forgiven.' Here the old man paused for a moment, and sighed, and so went on.

"Well, Monsieur, little PAQUETTE thrived and grew prettier every day, and was the idol of us all; and Sister MARY ANGELA, one of the good sisters of St. Vincent, taught her to read and write, and to work beautiful things for the rich ladies, and to say her prayers and catechism, and never to tell a lie. And when she was fifteen, it would have done your heart good to hear the clack of her wooden shoes, and to see her soft eyes as she came home in the morning from the early mass.

"Well, at sixteen, she was to be married, to the finest young fellow of a CLAUDE BONJOUR in the world, with only one fault: he agreed with PIERRE about the regeneration of mankind and universal fraternization.

"Now, I did not think it became him so well as PIERRE; for PIERRE knew Latin, which made it more natural; but he was an idle fellow for all that.

"So when they talked about crushing tyrants, and doing away nobles, and making all men equal, little PAQUETTE would tell them that the king was a very good king; and that they must learn to be good themselves before they could make other people better; that one could not make bread cheaper by killing a king; and that the best way for the poor to get rich was to work honestly, and not spend their money in the wine-shops, nor their time in the debating-societies. To be happy, was to be like Father ADRIEN and Sister MARY ANGELA, who began by being good; and who, though born nobles, worked harder among the poor and the sick in one hour, than PIERRE did in a month, even for himself.

"Then PIERRE would laugh, and tell her that when the nobles fell, the priests and the sisters must go too; that they were drones, and lived upon the poor. And then, Monsieur, little PAQUETTE

would talk to them, just as you did, about God and holy Church; and would always come back to this: that to be happy, one must be good; to be prosperous, one must work; and that CLAUDE would be no richer if there were not any kings.

"And so things went on till that revolution came, and then men killed each other, and the king was sent away.

"Well, Monsieur, there is little more to tell. Good little PAQUETTE begged and pleaded with CLAUDE to keep at his work; but he would go to Paris, to the barricades, to fight against the tyrants, he said.

"So, after a while, what with the firing of guns and shouting of men, PAQUETTE got nearly crazy, and said she must go to look for CLAUDE; and when she did not come back again — for the cars were always running in those terrible days — I followed to look for her.

"It was a horrible sight in Paris; the workmen raving and swearing behind the barricades, the dead lying bloody at one's feet, and the moans of the dying all around one. So I ran hither and thither, looking for my child. Every gown I saw, I was sure it was PAQUETTE, but when I would come and look in the face, it was only to be disappointed.

"Then some one shouted my name, and bade me get out of the way, for that the soldiers were coming. But just then I saw PAQUETTE; she was kneeling down, with CLAUDE's head in her lap; for he, the fine fellow, lay there dead. So I ran between the people and the soldiers to get at them, just as the people fired and threw volleys of stones; and then the fire was returned, and all the bullets swept over the old man, but one pierced the fair, white temple of my little child. So she sank down slowly beside CLAUDE, and never spoke nor moved again.

"They tell me, Monsieur, that I am a great deal better off now; that there are no more tyrants nor haughty aristocrats; and they write 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity' all over the city. But PIERRE says that France is not regenerated yet; and I, Monsieur, I know that my little PAQUETTE is dead; and all that the Revolution has given me is a silent home, and a broken heart, and the cross upon the grave where the lilies are. It is the third, Monsieur, as you go into the church-yard of Notre Dame."

We think the reader will agree with us, that there is a great deal of natural tenderness and simplicity in this little sketch; nor will they fail to regard it as a foretaste of a work of more than common promise.

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THE BUCKEYE ABROAD: OR, Wanderings in Europe and in the Orient. By SAMUEL S. COX. In one volume: pp. 444. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Number 153, Broadway.

WE regard this handsomely-executed and liberally-illustrated volume as one of the very best of its class of travel-narrative. There is a freshness, new and peculiar, in the manner in which the author sees, feels, and describes the objects of interest which he encounters. This may be partly owing to a fact of which he himself speaks in his preface: 'A native of the West, and of that part familiarly known as 'The Buckeye State,' may be supposed to look upon the scenes and mingle with the throngs of the Old World with new and peculiar sensations, which may find sympathy, at least with the readers of his native State.' Indeed, it was such an interest at home that called for the revision and publication of the passages of travel before us. They embrace a tour through France, Italy, Germany, Belgium, Scotland, England, and Ireland; delightful sojournings at Rome, Naples, Malta, Venice, Athens, Smyrna, Constantinople, Geneva, and amidst the Alps, and observations along the Mediterranean, amidst the isles of Greece. The impressions recorded by the writer were mostly taken upon the spot, and the allusions, historical, classical, or other, were not sought for, but sprang out of the time and the locality, which is something quite different from your mere ordinary book-maker's process. Each lineament of each form in nature or art, each custom and characteristic, were rapidly daguerreotyped from the original, as it appeared in itself and in its surroundings. We close our too brief and imperfect notice of the volume (which we are glad to hear the public are already widely appreciating) with a passage toward its close, which will certainly not lessen the curiosity of our readers to examine its contents: 'Pardon me that I have occasionally indulged in the light, when there was so much of the serious to be written about. I feared to attempt the profound, lest it should

turn into the heavy, which even the inspiration of the Old World, with its thronging multitude of interests, could not relieve. But my readers will do me the justice to say, that when antiquity was present as a power, and God was visible in the grandeur of His works, I have not indulged in the frivolous. There is one part of the tourist's record which has not regaled my readers. Have I made mouths over meals, called on the reader to condole with my boiled egg or pudding, or to swear at Boots while I stood in stocking-feet, bawling in bad French? Have I dilated upon the want of water in my pitcher, or grumbled, like JOHN BULL, at the infamous charges of landlords? Content to eat what I could, and surprised to find the world so much more honest than it has credit for, I have endeavored to realize my childhood's dream and boyhood's wonder, by finding in the scenes of the Old World an enchantment and a presence, which, in the repose of home, Memory will 'not willingly let die.'

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MEDITATIONS IN AMERICA, and other Poems. By WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE. Second Edition. In one volume: pp. 143. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

We are glad to welcome a second and more beautiful edition of these poems by Mr. WALLACE, a young poet who has 'the vision and the faculty divine' in no ordinary degree. One is continually impressed, in reading his verse, of the exuberance and breadth of his imagination; and while the reader may not, in all cases, agree with the taste of the writer in his choice of adjectives, he is never at a loss to understand the meaning, or to apprehend the picture which is intended to be conveyed. In the neat and tasteful volume before us, we recognize not a few pieces which we had been accustomed to admire, without being aware that they were from the pen of Mr. WALLACE; and we remember giving in these pages a passage from the feeling lines on 'Greenwood Cemetery.' There is a great deal of true 'fall'-feeling in '*Autumn in America*.' We quote from it the following lines:

'THEN the trees — that gave, in the summer time,  
Each One his different tone,  
This glad and proud as a cymbal's chime,  
That making a harp-like moan;  
All falling in with the Wind that grieves  
O'er the little grave and the withered leaves,  
Together make a moan,  
While the desolate moon weeps half the night  
In a misty sky alone;  
Not a star to be seen in the misty night —  
The moon and the sky alone.

'Yet a grandeur broods over all the wo,  
And a music's in every moan;  
As through the forest-pass I go,  
The cloud and I alone,  
I face the blast and I croon a song,  
An old song dear to me,  
Because I know that the song was made  
By a Poet,\* now in the grave-yard laid,  
Who was fashioned tenderly.

'O, great, mild Heart! — O, pale, dead Bard!  
For thee on the withered grass,  
When the Autumn comes, and the pale wind counts,  
Like a weak, wan nun, with fingers cold,  
Her string of leaves by the forest founts,  
I chant a Poet's mass;  
And the mist goes up like incense rolled,  
And the trees bow down like friars stole.

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\* WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, whose poetical and prose writings deservedly occupy a distinguished place in American literature.'



'Away!—away! for the mass is said,  
And it breaks the heart to think long of the dead:  
But where can I go that the winds do not sing?  
To the house? Ah! there they will knock at the doors,  
Or stalk, with a pale-mouthed muttering,  
Like ghosts through the lonesome corridors.

'O, LAND away o'er the dark-blue sea!  
The good God loves us too:  
The year is with us as it is with thee,  
For he weareth every hue.  
It is from the darkness and the blight,  
That we love the bloom and we know the light.'

In the stanza before the first here quoted, our poet speaks of '*pale wind*,' in a very touching picture. Now a '*pale wind*,' to our poor conception, is very much like a '*crimson motion*;' and yet the writer's meaning, although delicate, is clear enough. The choice of the word '*pale*,' as a mere matter of taste, is liable to comment. Among the best patriotic effusions in the volume is that on '*The Old Liberty Bell*,' in the State-House at Philadelphia. We annex the only passage for which we can find space:

'ABOVE the dark mountain, above the blue wave,  
It was heard by the fettered, and heard by the brave;  
It was heard in the cottage, and heard in the hall,  
And its chime gave a glorious summons to all;  
The sabre was sharpened; the time-rusted blade  
Of the Bond started out in the pioneer's glade  
Like a herald of wrath: And the host was arrayed!  
Along the dark mountain, along the blue wave  
Swept the ranks of the Bond—swept the ranks of the Brave;  
And a shout as of waters went up to the dome,  
When a star-blazing banner unfurled,  
Like the wing of some seraph flashed out from his home,  
Uttered freedom and hope to the world.

'O'er the hill-top and tide its magnificent fold,  
With a terrible glitter of azure and gold,  
In the storm, in the sunshine and darkness unrolled.  
It blazed in the valley—it blazed on the mast—  
It leaped with its eagle abroad on the blast;  
And the eyes of whole nations were turned to its light;  
And the heart of the multitude soon  
Was swayed by its stars, as they shone through the night,  
Like an ocean when swayed by the moon.'

The strong American feeling that pervades the work, gives it, in our eyes, a peculiar charm. The volume is embellished with a very faithful and striking likeness of the author.

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EXAMPLES OF LIFE AND DEATH. By MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY. In one volume. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

THIS very interesting and beautifully-written volume was issued about six weeks since: and before we have had time to give it the notice it so richly merits, the first edition has been sold, and the second is in the hands of the binder. It contains twenty-four examples of Christian character, presented in the impressive and beautiful language of our distinguished authoress. It is a Christian record of the temptations, trials, and sufferings of noble hearts, and of the faith which sustained, and the triumph which crowned them; written by an equal, who has learned to sympathize and to rejoice in the same school of sorrow and gladness. The work was designed for, and is admirably adapted to, the Christian reader, for his Sunday reflections. As such, it points to that hope which comforts in the dark hours of this life, and sustains the trembling soul before the mysterious portal of the world to come. May we experience its solace and sanction, when the dark-winged angel comes to lead us to our FATHER's house.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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'POOR POWER!'—The recent acquisition of a fine English portrait of TYRONE POWER, which we had desiderated, with longing eyes, for years, and which now embellishes the sanctum, has set us anew to thinking of that masterly delineator of comic humor and pathos. 'Comic pathos' may seem an odd phrase; but who that ever saw POWER in 'St. PATRICK'S EVE,' for example, but would at once understand it? At one moment the auditor's eyes were wont to overflow with the 'waters of laughter,' and at the next, suffused with 'pity's tender drops.' What a difference there is between POWER and the imitators who have since assumed to wear his mantle! Of these latter, however, it is but justice to say, that Mr. LEONARD, who came to this country some years ago, and Mr. HUDSON, are by far the best. They approach POWER more nearly in their personal characters, as educated gentlemen. It would have irked 'poor POWER,' could he have lived, to find his personations imitated by ambitious aspirants, whose representations bear about the same relation to his, that the apings of JACQUES STROP do to the sublime performances of ROBERT MACAIRE. Well may we say, 'poor POWER!' lamenting scarcely less for him than for ourselves; for 'when shall we look upon his like again?' Well do we remember the last time we saw him; standing upon the upper deck of the ill-fated 'PRESIDENT,' and waving his white handkerchief in response to the cordial greetings of numerous friends upon the shore. When he had long been gone, and when at last no intelligence reached us of the ship; when expectation had 'darkened into anxiety, anxiety into dread, and dread into despair,' and we felt only that she had sailed from her port and would never be heard of more; that she had perished by fire, or gone down a night-foundered wreck; there was scarcely a journal in the Union that did not mourn the loss of 'poor POWER' in their announcement of the inevitable result of all our 'hopes deferred.'

As we sit here in the sanctum on this calm, still March evening, we recall, with the utmost vividness, this inimitable actor in many of his favorite personations. We remember him as the '*Irish Ambassador*,' the part in which he first appeared at the old PARK-THEATRE; and our metropolitan readers will recall the fact, that a more triumphant first appearance never took place in Gotham. The theatre was crowded to repletion, and the roars of laughter, as the play converged to its dénouement, were as incessant as they were irrepressible. His next appearance was in '*The Nervous Man and the Man of Nerve*;' but we have heard him say, generously and with truth, and *because* true, generous, that in that play, the great excellence of PLACIDE, as the nervous ASPEN, threw McSHANE into comparative shadow. Never shall we see such a McSHANE and ASPEN toge-

ther again! Do you remember the unapproachable manner in which the 'shaky' old cockney was wont to depict his delight at escaping from the annoyances of his house in London? He has travelled all night, and is shown by a waiter into the country inn, clad in a cloak, with his head muffled up, and followed by a post-boy; 'to whom thus then' ASPEN: 'Post-boy, there's a crown for you: you have driven me at a speed commensurate with my wishes, and I can't say that I ever paid a gratuity with more thorough satisfaction.' When the post-boy has bowed himself out, he continues: 'Am I at last in the country? Dream of my early youth—hope of my latter days; the quiet, simple, thinly-populated country! From this day I begin to live—or rather, I return to childhood. I place myself on a level with the principles and sympathies of those about me; MYERS G. ASPEN, five years of age! Bless my soul!' he exclaims, looking from the window, 'what a charming prospect! How my eyes have been sealed to the beauties of nature! A milk-maid and a goat frisking by her side—pure animal spirits! And there's a cow pensively ruminating, a lamb innocently nibbling, and a duck enjoying a warm bath in a gutter! What a barbarian I have been, that I have never looked at greens and lambkins hitherto, without wishing them upon the table!' Every theatre-goer will remember how this 'scene of universal peace and purity' was turned into a worse than London pandemonium by the usurping 'Man of Nerve,' who has preoccupied a house which Mr. ASPEN had purchased in the vicinity, and filled it with his retainers, to whom he has made that memorable stipulation: 'Gentlemen! you all know that this is a time when every man in the country that *can* spake, *ought* to spake, or he'll stand mighty little chance of being listened to. I make bould to say, that I've got as nate a taste of the true patriot's disord'ther, an enlargement of the heart, as any man in the country. My wish is to be established in your bosoms, and in the bosoms of your wives and your daughters! ('Hurrah!') In the first place, gintlemen, it is my intention to reduce three-thirds of your respective rints, and lave you to pay the remaining one-eighth at your own convanience! ('Hurrah! hurrah!') But I fear I am wearying you with these uninteresting details; so let me conclude with this sentiment: that little as I may appear to have pledged myself on this occasion, you shall find, when I come to the performance, that I will do still less!' Whereupon Mr. ASPEN's tenants bear off the usurper of their real master's estate in triumph upon their shoulders.

Take the play of '*Born to Good Luck*,' and give the part of PAUDEEN O'RAF-FERTY to any mere imitator of POWER, and what a different thing it becomes in the representation by the second-hand performer! Who could convey, like him, the 'boy' seduced down to Wapping, in London, 'where the gintry goes to embark;' and there, 'mixing Dublin and hot wather, and Naples and whiskey,' being taken on board a vessel bound to the latter instead of the former place; and never knowing his mistake until he arrives in sight of Vesuvius. How naturally did the great actor express his surprise: 'What's the matther wid the Hill o' Howth?' siz I; 'when I left home, it was as dacent and well-behaved a mountain as any in Ireland; and now there it is, spittin' fire and splutttherin' smoke like a coal-pit!' 'That's not the Hill o' Howth; that's Va-suvius!' siz he. 'Va-suvius!—is n't Va-suvius in *France*, away?' siz I. 'It *is*,' siz he: 'Are *we* in *France*?' siz I: 'We *are*,' siz he; and *so* we was!' Equally impossible would it be for any one who had ever heard the play of '*The Irish Attorney*,' with POWER as O'HARA, to forget the inimitable manner in which he returns from the horse-race, and crawls into the office-window, with a dark lantern in one

hand and a whip in the other, and delivering a most laughter-moving soliloquy :\* and when his sober-sided old law-partner reproaches him for his outrageous neglect of their clients, and his dreadful inebriety, turns upon him with: 'WRI-  
LER, go—to—bed: you're in a state of *be-e-a-st-ly in-in-tox-i-ca-tion!*' or the laughable manner in which he turns the tables upon the old man in the morning, for assuming that he was 'no lawyer!'

The plays written by POWER himself were among the best in which he appeared in this country. We cannot forbear to say a word, in conclusion, touching one or two of these. One was a farce in one act, called '*How to Pay the Rent*,' a little piece abounding in the most adroit wit and humorous situations; and another was '*The Irish Lion*.' POWER's personations of MORGAN RATTLER, in the former, and of TOM MOORE, the 'Irish lion,' in the latter, were certainly among the most felicitous of all his minor representations. We can see him as RATTLER in our 'mind's eye' at this moment. He has sent MILLER, his new landlord, to inquire after his character from his last landlord, who has hired him to quit his premises, after he had boarded and lodged with him six months without paying him six cents. The reference was ample: 'He seemed much attached to you,' said the new landlord, speaking of the old one. 'Yes,' rejoins RATTLER; 'do you know, MILLER, I think if I'd staid with him a year, he would have kept me for nothing?' 'I think it quite probable,' replies MILLER. Who can fail to remember RATTLER's expression, so full of sly meaning, when, with his tongue in his cheek, he says: 'I *know* it, MILLER!' The new landlord understands what this means, when his tenant's wretched apology for 'furniture' arrives, (along with the 'Spanish ambassador's,' going elsewhere,) and he finds that he has no security for the six months' board and lodging to which he has pledged himself by written contract: 'Do you mean to say that this miserable 'furniture,' as you call it, is all the security that I am to have at your hands?' 'Every ha'penny-worth, I give you me honor!' responds RATTLER; 'and you can't eject me: I know the law as well as the Lord Chancellor!' 'Do you take me for a fool?' roars MILLER, chafing like an enraged lion. 'If you ask me as a *friend*,' says the imperturbable RATTLER, 'I *do*, and a knave. But, MILLER, take it coolly, take it coolly, man; you'll last the longer; and you've a good deal to go through with yet, old fellow, let me tell you. Look 'ee, MILLER, I've been the nightmare to lodging-house keepers ever since I've been in London. I've lived here twelve years; and I give you me honor, MILLER, that there is n't a landlord within the bills of mortality that can put his hand on his heart, and say that I ever paid him a rap o' rint!' Of course the result is, that RATTLER's bad hours and worse company soon compel the landlord to pay his tenant handsomely to decamp, with a strong recommendation to some new dupe. As to '*The Irish Lion*,' it is almost equally effective. No one who ever saw POWER represent the assumed

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\* He comes in, cracking his whip, and fancying that he is still on horse-back, and engaged in the race and sporting-dinner, from which he has returned with an awful 'brick in his hat': 'Asy now, asy, my beauty; do n't strain yourself at a dirty gutter only ten foot across: do n't you see it now? do n't jump till you're under it; *now*, down with your nose, up with your legs, and — whoop! be me sowl, she's cleared it! — seven hedges, seven ditches, two pig-sties, and a cow-house, and all upon one little bucket o' wather! Be me conscience, I think if she'd had a tumbler o' punch she'd go over a church. Whoop! who's afraid? Chair! chair! — order! order! Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, for the honor you have done me in drinking my health, I return you, gentlemen, a sportsman's thanks and a stranger's gratitude — Mr. Chairman, as I said before, a stranger's thanks and a sportsman's gratitude; and I beg to say, gentlemen, on resuming my seat' — Here he stumbles, and falls back on the floor: 'Ha! ha! I've been knocked down for a song: this room appeared to be *square* this morning, and now it's *circular*; and that's not the only phe-nom-enon I've observed this evening. I was not aware till to-day that the county of York was subject to earth-quakes!' etc., etc.

poet, but will instantly call him to mind, seated upon the board of PUFFY's tailor-shop, singing:

'BRIAN O'LINN had no breeches to wear,  
So he took him a sheep-skin and made him a pair;  
With the skinny side out and the woolly side in,  
They'll be nice and warm, says BRIAN O'LINN!'

The manual of the 'board' was capitally represented by the drawing of the stitches, slipping off the slippers as he jumped from it, to accept Mrs. LEO HUNTER's note of invitation; nor were the numerous *contretemps* at the party itself less admirably rendered.

But we must pause: for the reader will hardly understand how all these recollections have arisen in our mind from merely regarding a beautiful engraving of TYRONE POWER, executed by TURNER, R.A., after a picture by the eminent artist, JOHN SIMPSON. But the expressive, handsome face, the laughter-provoking eyes, the grace of position, and the dangling eye-glass, are so much like POWER, in his aspect and manner, that we could not resist this evening-reverie.

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THE PRINTERS' FESTIVAL: LETTER FROM HON. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK. — We intended in our last number to have expressed the regret we felt at not being able, owing to illness in our little circle, to attend '*The Printers' Banquet*,' celebrated on the evening of the anniversary of FRANKLIN's birth-day, at NIBLO's saloon. It was all that could have been desired, both as to the literary proceedings and the physical entertainments. Dr. FRANCIS's reminiscential speech contained a whole encyclopædia of interesting and relevant facts. Among the letters from enforced absentees was one from HON. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, which contains a cordial tribute to a man of true genius, now departed this life, but who was well known, while in this country, to very many of our readers. After apologizing for the necessity which forbade his being present at the banquet, Mr. VERPLANCK wrote:

'THE associations of former years brought me much into connection with members of your liberal and intellectual craft, among whom I cherish the remembrance of friends of great worth and talent. It would, therefore, give me much pleasure to renew among you some old acquaintances, and to make new ones, worthy, doubtless, to fill the places of those who have passed away.

'The occasion which brings you together is to my feelings full of interest, as it must be to every one who venerates and loves the memories of the great benefactors of his country and of mankind. It is good, too, for all of us, at this time, when there is a growing tendency to turn away from the useful and the practical to waste talent and energy upon the wild and the visionary, to refresh our thoughts and guide our minds by the grand and simple example given by FRANKLIN, who, while he held and taught that, (to use the words of another great republican teacher of moral truth,)

— 'To know  
That which before us lies, in daily life,  
Is the prime wisdom.'

could give the noble evidence that this sober, unassuming and practical common sense may be combined with capacity for the most brilliant achievements of science, of patriotism, and of political wisdom. But no words of mine can add any thing to the veneration you feel and the honors you will pay to this illustrious and venerable name.

'Permit me, then, to recall to your Society and its guests, in the course of your celebration, the memory of one of your brother printers, formerly of this city, an old personal friend of mine, a man of worth and intellect, whose name, once familiar in this city, is, I fear, a little fading away in general recollection.

'About twenty years ago I was engaged, in concert with two distinguished literary friends, (WILLIAM C. BRYANT and the late ROBERT C. SANDS,) in preparing a literary miscellany, which was published in volumes by that estimable, amiable, and liberal book-seller, the late ELAM BLISS. My own bad manuscript of my share of the contributions happened to fall into the hands of a compositor who continually surprised me by his *queried* corrections, or marginal suggestions, very often

improving my style, and not seldom my thought. Of course I, as well as my literary associates in the work, soon became acquainted more familiarly with WILLIAM COX, for that was the name of our critical compositor. He soon passed from only setting up the thoughts of others, to contributing the effusions of his own very original and peculiar mind to the periodical literature of the day. His first appearance in this way was in the columns of the *New-York Mirror*, to which the good taste and sagacity of its then editor, G. P. MORRIS, immediately invited him to become a regular contributor. He soon became a contributor to different journals and magazines on both sides of the Atlantic; and became better known to the public personally, by the re-publication of some of these essays under the title of *Crayon Sketches*. He kept aloof from political controversy, at least in any partisan form or spirit, but expatiated widely in criticisms of art, literature, and the drama, and in graphic sketches of life, manners, and character. In these he displayed much of the grace of our IRVING, combined with a still stronger infusion of CHARLES LAMB's quaint fancy, fantastical humor, and keen sense of beauty.

'After some time he went to England, and settled at or near Bristol, continuing and extending his connection with the press here and in England. But as his genius was expanding, his style becoming more flexible and varied, and his mind more fraught with the knowledge of books, art, and 'many-colored life,' his health was giving way. In spite of failing health, he labored to the last, and died in harness, at his desk, with his pen in hand. He has now been dead some years. WILLIAM COX was gentle, retiring, kind-hearted; a man of worth as well as genius. I trust, therefore, that you will agree with me, that a brief tribute to his memory will be no inappropriate incident in the New-York Printers' celebration of the birth-day of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.'

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INTERMINGLED LEAVES OF TRAVEL, AND GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We enlarge somewhat, for the nonce, the scope of the usual title to the 'Salmagundi' of this department of our Magazine, in order to introduce, 'as they shall comen into y<sup>e</sup> minde,' the incidents of travel which have interested us in a recent visit to Washington, by sea. One doesn't care to sit down and write out a consecutive sketch of the note-worthy objects of such a trip, or such a visit, both made for the first time: one chooses rather to think of each 'by parcels,' as he enjoyed them; and as they come to him 'sitting by his sea-coal fire,' in the stillness of his apartment. 'Leastways,' we do: hence the passages of travel sprinkled through the ensuing pages. - - - The great wisdom of fables is farther extended and perpetuated in the following new specimens. The connection between the theme and the 'moral' of the third example is as 'clear as mud:'

### *Alterne Fabulae: or Other Fables.*

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BY GILBERT SPHINK, PROFESSOR OF LANGUAGES, DIRECTOR OF A PLANK-ROAD COMPANY, ETC., ETC.

#### FABULA I.

ASINUS QUOD A BELLO REDIIT.

'THE lions once, going to war, caught an ass, and compelled him to carry their baggage. After the campaign, ASINUS returned to the pasture, and made a great sensation among the animals of the farm. The HORSE being inclined to show his relative a civility after his long absence, invited him to dinner. There was a large company present at the banquet; and when I inform you that a pair of prize-oxen and an eminent RED BULL graced the assembly with their presence, you will know that the company was of the most respectable character. When the covers were removed, the ass found before him a dish of clean thistles.

"Bomb-shells and hot shot, cousin HORSE!" cried he; 'what might these things be? Aw—I see; a species of vegetation, I should say: pray take them to that long-eared animal at the foot of the table: and here, waiter, *bring me the raw haunch of a giraffe and a bucket of blood!*'

'The peaceful animals of the farm stood aghast at this request, and some of the sheep and calves began to withdraw from the table. But a dry old cow, with a lopped horn, said to them: 'Sit still, my dears. You need not be afraid. Although our old friend may have gained the soul of a lion, I will engage that he has not lost the stomach of an ass.'

## M O R A L.

'This fable shows my great familiarity with the Latin language, (see caption,) and proves that young gentlemen may be sent with great advantage to the academy of which I am principal. Prospectus may be seen at the office of CLARK'S KNICKERBOCKER.'

## F A B U L A I I.

## HOW NOT TO GET ELECTED TO CONGRESS.

'THE BULL and the Ass were once candidates for Congress. The animals of the constituency being all assembled on election-day, the BULL mounted the stump, and thus addressed them :

'Hornéd cattle, hogs, sheep, geese, turkeys, and ducks, I ask your suffrages because I believe I can serve the public better than any of the rest of you. Congress, as you all know, has become a mighty hard congregation. Colonel WOLF, and Judge FOX, Captain PANTHER, and old Governor GRIZZLY, are elected members of the next House, and unless you elect some body that can't be bullied down, your interests will suffer. Friend HORSE, here, is a good sensible beast, but he has no talent for public bodies. He declines the nomination in my favor. As for the rest of you, there is not one who is fit for the post. You sheep are cowards; you hogs are stupid and pig-headed; you turkeys, geese, and ducks, are but little better than idiots, and would die outright if Commodore HAWK should whistle at you when you took the floor. My worthy antagonist here you know as well as I do. Those old Federalists would fool him out of his ears. I say nothing about myself. If you think I can be bullied down by the whole menagerie, don't vote for me; if otherwise, otherwise.'

'The Ass then began in the most magnificent periods: 'My fell-o-o-ow citizens! When the R-o-o-man Empire was at the summit of its corruption, I do not think such insolence was ever heard. What! my courageous and heroic friends, the sheep, are stigmatized as 'cowards;'; these intelligent and candid swine are styled 'stupid and pig-headed;'; and these geese and turkeys, whose gigantic intellects are the admiration of the known world, are covered with a flood of obloquy and vituperation, worthy of the most corrupt period of the Roman Empire!'

'We cannot report the remainder of this grand harangue. Suffice it to say, that the Ass obtained the entire sheep-vote, pig-vote, and goose-vote, and was elected.

## M O R A L.

'This fable teaches that candidates for office should not call pigs *pigs*.'

## F A B U L A I I I.

## HOW THE KING OF THE NOBBYNOODLES MANAGED THE INDIANS.

'THE King of the Nobbynoodles, being about to go to war with the Indians, was sorely puzzled to contrive how he might prevent the savages from striking his soldiers with their tomahawks.

'Ha! Father HERCULES!' he cried, after long meditation, 'I have it! Captain GANDERTAIL, do you go and bid my fire-eaters get 'em each a bit of rope. *We will tie the Indians' hands behind them*, and then they can't crack the boys' heads with their hatchets, Father HERCULES!'

'So all the Nobbynoodles went out to fight the Indians. And when they found their enemies, they rushed upon them with great fury to tie their elbows together. After the battle, the King found, to his great astonishment, that half of his men had been knocked on the head, and that the rest had barely saved their scalps by running away. 'Father HERCULES,' said he, musing, 'what could have been the matter? I suspect that the knots slipped. *We must try 'em with buckles the next time*.'

## M O R A L.

'This fable shows the great advantage of plank-roads. The company of which I am an unworthy director have a few shares not yet taken up. Apply to Mr. CLARK, of New-York.'

We close the 'Fable Department' for the present month with the following, which we can positively assure the reader is the 'production' of a little girl who has but just passed her fifth birth-day. Its childishness and simplicity 'it is hoped may please:'

## THE CAT AND THE MONKEY.

'THERE was once a CAT and a MONKEY. The MONKEY was riding on a hobby-horse, holding PUSSY. PUSSY had on a little apron, holding in one paw a little fan, and in the other little paw she had a little parasol. The MONKEY had on a hat and shirt, and a pair of pantaloons, and a coat, trimmed with fringe around it, and velvet around his hat, and he was a beautiful MONKEY. The MONKEY was fond of feeding little PUSSY, who had on a yellow apron. One day, when PUSSY



was sitting on the hobby-horse, and the MONKEY was at home, little PUSSY heard a dreadful roar; and immediately a dreadful LION was roaming about the woods to find something to eat. He soon saw little PUSSY, and tore her to pieces. Little PUSSY could no more return to her home. The MONKEY was in great distress when he saw her no more.

## THE MORAL.

'Any thing ought not to go out riding without somebody riding with them.'

TUPPER, that rare maxim-monger, and renovator of musty apothegms, would do well to change his style, and go into the 'fable line.' By application and practice, he might come in time to 'compose' as good a specimen as the juvenile one given above. - - - If an exquisite sense of enjoyment, unmarred by a single draw-back, entitles a guest to speak of the *Recent Trip of the Steamer Baltic to Washington*, we claim to be at least 'one of 'em.' From the first moment of going on board this magnificent steamer, it was evident that 'the good time' which had been so long 'coming' had at last come. The company, some hundred and thirty in number, included many of our first citizens, civic functionaries, magnates of the 'Fourth Estate,' presidents and representatives of public institutions, 'chief officers,' naval and of the merchant marine, etc., and all in a state of healthful, pleasant exhilaration, that was 'beautiful to see.' Mr. COLLINS, justly proud of his noble craft, as was Lieutenant FOX of its command, walked 'monarchs of the peopled deck,' until the booming guns, the cheers from the shore, and the answering cannon of the British steamer at Jersey City, proclaimed that we were 'under way.' We stood looking at the vast machinery, to see the first movement of great power in motion, the hot 'breath of life' breathed into it by the engineer, and then came on deck. The city soon receded, melted into distance, and finally faded from view; and before we could scarcely be made aware of it, amidst the universal joyousness and gossip of the deck, Sandy-Hook itself was growing dim on our right, and the highlands of Never-sink alone were visible. And what an afternoon it was! Not a speck was to be seen in all that cloudless sky of blue; the spray of the blue-green sea freshened every lip; and the breeze—blew away our best GENIX, just as we were going below for a more appropriate sea-going head-gear! After a luxurious dinner, rich and rare in edibles and potables, the guests assembled again upon the deck, toward night-fall, to see the sun set upon the sea, and diffuse its effulgent glories over the waste of waters, and the wide o'er-hanging firmament, soon to be 'fretted with golden fires.' The evening was variously spent: some indulged in games of whist at the polished rose-wood tables in the sumptuous cabins, those master-pieces of taste and grace, which have made our friend GEORGE PLATT famous; others were reading or chatting; while 'othersome,' we are sorry to say, and they were not a few, began to yield to the sway of old NEPTUNE, who was rolling us about like a play-thing, and retired early to their berths. For ourselves, being wholly without a 'qualm' of the 'nausea-marina,' never did we feel so much 'a boy again;' never more 'juicy about the heart,' as OLLAPOD used to say. At one time, leaning over the side of the great steamer, we watched the miniature Niagara poured from her fast-revolving wheels, leaving a long line of light behind us; at another, sitting with the firemen, gleaming and glooming in REMBRANDT light and shadow, thirty feet 'down, down below;' and looking up at the ponderous machinery, noiseless as a watch, its vast beams, and shafts, and pistons, moving slowly and majestically above us—oh, it was *sublime*! Then we went forward, and watched the bow of the huge craft plunge into the waves, and separate the waters as quietly as a swimmer in the Hudson.



Until two o'clock in the morning, close-wrapped and warm, we sat on that bow, rapt in a reverie, the memory of which we would fain never lose. Reader, the SEA is a solemn thing: it is an awakener of solemn thought. To us it brought back the distant friends who had loved us, the dead whom we had loved; and as, in the dim light of a quarter-moon, the heaving waves rolled onward, to die upon the far-off shore, we said, with one of our own poets:

'And so methinks 't will shortly be  
With every mark on earth from me!  
A wave of dark oblivion's sea  
Will sweep across the place  
Where I have trod the sandy shore  
Of time, and been to be no more;  
Of me, my name, the name I bore,  
To leave no track nor trace!

'And yet, with HIM who counts the sands,  
And holds the waters in His hands,  
I know a lasting record stands  
Inscribed against my name,  
Of all this mortal part has wrought,  
Of all this thinking soul has thought,  
And from these fleeting moments caught,  
For glory or for shame!

We retired to our state-room that night, or rather morning, with such thoughts as we had not experienced before, since we first saw the vast green cylinder of the 'Great Cataract' rolling over the Horse-shoe Fall at Niagara. - - - HERE's an evasion!—a 'fraud upon the customs' of our ancestors, whose poetry was brief, whose meaning (when there *was* any) was condensed, and whose periods were 'put a stop to' when their authors had 'said their say.' The 'short and the long of it' is, that we have '*An Appeal in Alexandrines*' from our edict against the admission of interminably-spun-out verse into the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER:

'I saw in an 'EDITOR'S Table,' L. GAYLORD CLARK was that EDITOR,  
(Page two-ninety-eight of the 'Table,') a notice to long-winded POETS.  
Solemn and stern was the warning; stern as the soul of PROCRUSTES,  
When he cut his friends short before bed-time, and gave them a chop at retiring.  
Alas! has the age, then, become so exceedingly prosy and practical?  
Must the song of a BARD be abridged to the chirp of a thrush in the winter?  
Must PEGASUS, driven of old through the heats of a three-volume epic,  
With his mane, tail, and pinions all docked, only take an occasional airing?  
I know that the cadence of rhythm has shallows and depths that are dangerous:  
It carries a poet great lengths, and drowns him, sometimes, altogether.  
As oil will spread over the sea, (it was tested by BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,)  
So a very minute drop of thought will cover an ocean of sound:  
Nevertheless it is bitter publicly thus to be flouted.  
People may write in the papers endless and empty discourses,  
All about Count BATTHYANI, PULZSKY, KO-SHOOT and SCHZMERE;  
Names which nobody can read, and therefore can scarce like to dwell upon:  
WINDBAG may give us a speech, towering grand as a pyramid,  
Covering acres of space; but with nothing particular in it:  
Only the poet, forsooth, is forbid his American birth-right:  
Can never expand an idea, nor on any occasion be prosy:  
Really, this is too bad. —oh, what a hard-hearted EDITOR!

'Speaking of Hungary:' why is a celebrated Hungarian leader, now in this country, like unto a gun or a pistol? "Cause *shoot!*" This ingenious and ingenious conundrum was made in a single evening, by one man, with his right hand tied behind him. 'T was done in this city, on a wager. - - - A FRIEND of ours, who was recently married, said to the officiating clergyman, (a confirmed wit,) in bad grammar: 'I think I have done *wise*.' 'Yes,' replied the other, 'undoubtedly you have done *wise*, or *otherwise!*' - - - 'ABOUT twenty years ago,' said a friend in the sanctum the other night, 'passing a night at Liverpool, I went to the theatre, to wile away the time in a strange place. At that period the remarkable mimic powers of the elder MATHEWS were exciting much attention. The attraction of this evening was an imitation of the imitator, in the person of a young man, 'his first appearance on any stage.' Report spoke highly of his powers. It was announced that he would personate all the characters of his great prototype, and the entertainment was to conclude with the famous farce of 'Monsieur Tonson.' The house was very well filled with per-

sonal friends and others attracted by the usual curiosity to witness a *début*. The curtain rose, presenting the ordinary soiled scene of a parlor with windows, a few painted flower-pots and painted flowers, and a small table, covered with green baize. In a few moments, a romantic, stage-struck young man entered, in the midst of immense applause, and took his seat behind the table. All eyes were fixed upon him, and he had just dabbed a couple of corks under his cheeks, previous to enacting the part of '*The Pelted Politician Delivering a Speech upon the Hustings*,' when a door on the side of the stage, marked in the stage-books as 'R. D.,' was suddenly thrown open. An elderly, florid gentleman, whose head was somewhat grizzled, and who happened to be no other than the parental relative of the aforesaid stage-struck young man, very deliberately entered, as if he had been one of the characters of the play. He upbraided his son, who was under age, in severe and set terms, before the whole audience, for about one minute; then unbuttoning his coat, and drawing from underneath a raw cow-hide, threatened him with fifty lashes, well laid on, if he did not immediately 'quit the premises!' The curtain fell, and the 'entertainment' of the evening was ended.' - - - Our great poet, BRANT, 'when this old cap was new,' sang thus to the deep music of his own solemn harp:

——— 'TAKE the wings  
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods,  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
Save his own dashings.'

Well, supposing you *should* take the wings of the morning and go to Oregon at 'this present?' Instead of lonely solitudes, you would find peopled towns, while Oregon itself hears, instead of 'its own dashings,' the sounds of busy life upon its borders; nor are 'folios of four pages' maps of that same 'busy life,' wanting in that distant region; no, nor yet more elaborate periodicals; for here on our table lie two numbers of '*The Oregon Monthly Magazine*,' printed at Portland, Oregon Territory, and edited, with a good degree of taste and skill, by Mr. STEPHEN J. McCORMICK, from whose own pen, by-the-by, proceeds most of the verse in the number before us, some of which is quite above the average of what is termed 'poetry' in many an eastern magazine. From two prose articles which we have found leisure to read, we derived no little pleasure; and from one, '*Ascent of the Highest Peak of the Rocky Mountains*,' we shall present an extract in our next. - - - 'WOULDN'T you like to see the sun rise on the ocean?' said our friend and state-room 'chum,' Mr. HENRY O'RILEY, when we waked up in the morning-gloaming on board the *BALTIC*, after our first night out. The hint was 'suffequence,' as DOGBERRY has it. The pale light came through the large ground-glass dead-lights, as we rose and donned our garments; and having 'lavated' as comfortably as in our apartment at home, and in the real 'Croton,' too, we ascended to the deck. Not a soul, save Mr. COLLINS, Commander Fox, and the Chesapeake and Potomac pilots were on the cleanly-washed decks; so that 'the golden sun uprist' to few eyes on board the *BALTIC*; but those who *did* see it will not soon forget it. But it is, after all, a scene to be seen, not described. No land was in sight; but as we walked forward to our *late* station on the bow, we saw in the extreme distance a pale, glimmering light, most like a star, low down the horizon, 'paling its ineffectual fire.' 'What is that?' we asked of that accomplished officer and gentleman, commander Fox. 'Cape-HENRY Light, entrance of the Chesapeake,' he said: 'the blue land on our right is SMITH'S Island: the *other* light is Cape-CHARLES.' But we saw no 'other' light;

and presently the white pile that 'holds its lantern o'er the restless surge' at Cape-HENRY had 'doused its glim.' The land soon became more and more clearly defined; the guests one after another came on deck; and presently the twin bay-light-houses were on either side of us. Two hundred and forty-five miles from the Bay of New-York to Cape-HENRY, in eighteen hours and fifty-eight minutes! 'Hurrah for the BALTIC!' 'Hurrah for COLLINS!' 'Hurrah for Commander Fox!'—and down we went, to devour, with ravenous appetites, such a sea-breakfast as the cook of the BALTIC knows so well how to set before his customers. - - - RATHER hard lines these, Mr. 'G. O. D.,' to our conception:

'STAND back, O Muse! I sing a thrush  
That warbles in a current-bush!'

The '*Unfinished Epic on Jenny Lind*' is more striking. The writer tells us that he should have finished it, only that she 'went and imported a Jew, had him Christianized, baptized, and then married him,' cutting out ever so many young Yankees who had set their affections upon her purse:

'SWEED-EST of Nightingales! long may thy voice, with its wonderful compass,  
Thrill on our hearts like the music of bull-frogs that warble at evening:  
So swells the bite of mosquitoes when night's sombre blanket has fallen!  
And when the American eagle shall float o'er the waters in triumph,  
Far away to the land of thy birth, sweet giver of concerts!  
May it accumulate 'rocks' as fast as, with BARNUM'S assistance,  
Thou hast been picking them up in this geological country,  
For like a 'thousand of bricks' have they showered in thy calico-apron!'

A FRIEND, in a letter to the EDITOR, mentions an animal bereavement in his family with so much simple feeling, that we cannot resist the inclination to lay the extract describing it before our readers:

'My two youngest children were anxious to have a little dog. They promised to take good care of it, and that it should trouble no person about the house. I was successful in obtaining one of the handsomest little bull-terrier pups I ever saw. He was but four weeks old when I brought him to the children. They were perfectly delighted with him: every possible attention was paid to 'PINCHER'; and he soon grew in strength, and developed the beauty of form for which that peculiar breed is so famous; and he was so playful, that not only the children, but every member of my family was delighted with him. They prepared a flour-barrel and a nice clean piece of blanket for his bed, and every day the two children and 'PINCHER' would have such a romping-time together, that it was difficult to say which took the most pleasure, the dog or the children. But before he was six months old, the poor little fellow caught the dog-distemper, and grew very ill. The children nursed him with the utmost anxiety and care; but we could not save his life: he died during the night. The children knew nothing of it until the following morning, when my little boy got up early and found his four-footed favorite dead. He called at the door of his little sister to awaken her. I heard the crying of the children, and when I arose, found the little girl sitting with the paw of the dead dog in one hand, and crying as if her heart would break. Her little brother was busily engaged in the centre of the grass-plot, on his knees, and with a trowel digging a grave for the little dog. The big tears were streaming from his face, and he could not have suffered more, had he lost his only friend. I could scarcely repress my own tears at the sight. Neither of the two children were able to go to school until the following day. Tears start from their eyes, even now, when we speak of 'little PINCHER,' although four months have passed since his death.'

Truly does WASHINGTON IRVING say, that the 'sorrows and tears of youth are as bitter as those of age.' - - - 'I HEARD a story the other day,' writes a friend and always acceptable correspondent, 'which amused me. An old lady said: "When my father moved into the new country, one of us children once told a lie. My mother could not ascertain the culprit, but a lie lay between two of us. "Well!" said she, "you may escape now, but you may be sure that I will know at some day *which* of you has told a lie." Weeks passed on, and nothing more was said on the subject. My father lived in a log-house, which contained one room below, and one above. The children slept in the chamber. One night a

tremendous wind arose, and at midnight blew off the entire roof of the house. My mother, alarmed at the crash, ran up the ladder, and putting her head into the roofless chamber, cried: 'Children, are you all there?' 'Yes, mother!' piped a small, terrified voice; 'yes, mother, we are all here; and if the day of judgment has come, it was *me* that told that lie!' To how many 'children of larger growth' does a similar late repentance come, and from similar causes; the 'still small voice' amid the storm! - - - AFTER enjoying one of the *BALTIC's* breakfasts—and those who *have* enjoyed them know what they are—our 'good-lie companie' came out on deck, in the bright sun of that glorious morning. The light-houses of *HENRY* and *CHARLES* were pale departing ghosts in the backward distance; the eastern shore of Maryland lay on our right; on our left stretched 'OLD VIRGINIA;'\* and we confess that we looked for the first time upon the 'Old Dominion' with a feeling of pleasure and of reverence. There she lay, the nursing-mother of so many illustrious men in our country's history; and as we gazed, we gave her our poor blessing 'unawares.' There, far to the south, were the 'Rip-Raps,' and 'Old Point Comfort,' and York River, and Norfolk, and Richmond; and farther on, as we entered the broad Potomac, there rolled into its bosom the blue waters of the Rappahannock. Truly, it was a beautiful sight, which all seemed to enjoy to the utmost. It was interesting to watch the little groups upon deck. Here stood Ex-Editor KING, President of Columbia College, chatting, in his most agreeable way, with his brother-editors, our friend SANFORD, of the '*Journal of Commerce*,' and Colonel FULLER, of the '*Evening Mirror*,' including M. ROMEYN BRODHEAD, late Secretary of Legation to the American Embassy at the Court of St. JAMES; there was gathered a bevy of packet-captains, light at heart, and 'in their element,' DELANO, HACKSTAFF, ELDRIDGE, CROPPER, and TRIPP; near by, NICHOLAS DEAN, President of the Croton Aqueduct Board, enlightening 'Old KNICK' by conversation alike entertaining and instructive, which was listened to with gratified interest by Mr. JOHN T. DODGE, our Inspector of Streets, and sundry members of our metropolitan Common Council; Mr. COLLINS, in close confab with Lieutenant BARTLETT, of the Navy, and Commander, Fox, are on the right; and on the left, our friends CANNING and CAMPBELL, the first our correspondent, 'KIT KELVIN,' and the second our Consul at Rotterdam—m, are enjoying a hearty laugh at some 'good thing' that somebody or other has done or uttered; while yonder stand Ex-Mayor MICKLE, our friends Mr. DUDLEY BEAN, and CLEVELAND, of the '*Tribune*,' neither of them any longer haunted by the demon of sea-sickness, the latter comparing notes with his contemporary, MUMFORD, of the '*Courier and Enquirer*,' which it was generally regretted was not also represented by our friend, General WEBB. And thus, in the broad sun-light, we sweep up the Potomac, until near sun-set, when, fearing the sinuous channel, with a ship so vast, we drop anchor for the night, fifty miles and upward from Washington. Who that saw, will ever cease to remember the sun-set of that night upon the Potomac?—the reflections of the shores; the curling, 'swirling' water, waving like book-binders' 'marbled' paper; the dolphin-tints dying with the dying sun! - - - FROM an unknown correspondent at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, we derive the annexed literary 'specimen' and sketch of rather a 'hard case' in the itinerant ministry of a rural place in the neighborhood of the 'Birmingham of America:'

'I WENT a-partridge-ing the other day, into a neighboring county, and put up at a little tavern in a little town, where they sold bad whiskey and 'fed' the stage-horses and passengers. This town

\* Of memorable and note-worthy points of both these States, bordering on the Chesapeake, we shall have somewhat more to say in our May Number.

was the gravitating centre of the district, and the tavern was the gravitating centre of the town. You know to what mongrel uses the bar-rooms of inns in rural regions are ordinarily appropriated. Beside its decanters, jugs, and glasses, it embraces the bed-chamber of the coach-drivers, the kennel of the house-dog, and the nursery of the children. It is likewise the council-chamber in which citizens meet to enlarge the confusion, and discuss municipal movements. The walls are hung with gaudy show-bills of the last circus, and printed bills of sheriff's sales, with here and there a wood-cut of the Good Samaritan, and a eulogy underneath of the miraculous virtues of a 'Liver-Pill,' a 'Cherry-Pectoral,' or a 'Vermifuge' 'for sale, wholesale and retail, by the undersigned.' These are permanent advertisements: the bar-room door is the bulletin-board of the temporary notices of the day. It was in an after-supper survey of the motley chirographical displays which were here posted, that my eye was especially attracted by the announcement under the head of '*Cunstable's Sail*,' which set forth, that upon a certain day there would be exposed at public 'voodoo,' to be sold without reserve, 'one dubble set of harness and two bridles and two collers and one big mettle cittle and one grinstone one milk cow one bool one heffer one caf.' In immediate juxtaposition with this, was the following:

TAKE NOTTISE.

'THERE will Be a lectur delivered to the skool-hous this evning at Erly cancell-light on the subjec of our duty To god and Man by the Rt rev dr stevenson of Pittsburg.'

'DR. ALECK STEVENSON is a divine of universal notoriety in our city. It is a misfortune of the Doctor's that he is not in acknowledged connection with any one of the various religious denominations of the day, and therefore he is driven frequently to hard extremities in the prosecution of his profession. Formerly he used to appropriate a public corner of the market-house to his purpose, and conduct Sabbatical exercises, mounted on a meat-block, to promiscuous congregations. But causes conspired to shut the Doctor out from the enjoyment of this privilege. Unruly boys played pranks upon him: slipping torpedoes under his feet, hooking his coat-tail upon meat-pins, or filling its pockets with ignited fire-crackers. Beside, the city rulers pronounced an edict prohibiting such services, and declaring imprisonment in the county-jail the penalty for its infringement. The Doctor loves liberty; is strongly Kossuth in his feelings; and therefore adopted a migratory life, which he has been pursuing ever since. 'Handing 'round the hat' is a striking feature in the programme of his service. His labors, he assured me on the occasion alluded to, were painfully unproductive of pecuniary reward; and he added, that 'unless he met shortly with a more liberal support, he would be compelled to resort to his early and long-since abandoned profession of scouring clothes. 'If you know of any highly destitute section where there is a vacancy, and the enjoyment of a disposition to 'pay handsomely,' the Doctor is available.'

'HAVE'N't got any good place!' - - - 'I HEARD a good story the other day,' writes recently our friend and correspondent, 'CARL BENSON,' from Paris, 'which may amuse you. The *curé* of Nevermindwhere was called up in the middle of the night, to see a sick woman. 'Well, my good woman,' said he, 'so you are very ill, and require the consolations of religion? What can I do for you?' 'No,' replied the old lady, 'I am not very ill: I am only nervous, and can't sleep.' 'How can I help that?' asked the *curé*. 'Oh, Sir, you always *put me to sleep* so nicely when I go to church, that I thought if you would only *preach* a little for me——!' 'They *say*' that the *curé* swore: at any rate, he 'made tracks' in 'less than no time.' - - - A NOBLE river is the Potomac; broad and bright, and blue as the 'blue lift' which it reflects in its glassy bosom. As we approached Mount Vernon, the deep musical bell of the BALTO began solemnly to toll; and minute-guns were fired from the bright brass ordnance of the steamer. We ascended the shrouds, the better to survey the 'Mecca of Liberty,' where the great and good WASHINGTON lived, and where his bones repose. We looked, from our eyrie, almost down upon the house and tomb, as seen through the leafless trees. Our noble craft at length came abreast the sacred spot, when every head of the guests, and of the men below us, was uncovered, as we moved slowly and solemnly by, amid the tolling of the bell and the roar of the minute-guns: and we saw tears fall from manly eyes, 'unused to weep.' It was a scene never to be forgotten. - - - SOMEBODY, and a very clever 'somebody' too, has

been writing for '*The Olive-Branch*' a piece of poetry entitled, '*When I was Young, or what the old Woman said to her Daughter.*' Among the things in '*her day*,' she mentions that

'The man that was a bankrupt called was kind o' shunned by men,  
And hardly dared to show his head among his townfolk *then*!  
But *now-a-days*, when a merchant fails, they say he makes a penny;  
The wife don't have a gown the less, and his daughters just as many;  
His sons they smoke their choice cigars, and drink their costly wine,  
And she goes to the opera, and he has folks to dine.  
He walks the streets, he drives his gig, men show him all civilities,  
And what in *my day* we called *debts* are now his *lie-abilities*;  
They call the man *unfortunate* who ruins half the city;  
In my day 't was his *creditors* to whom we gave our pity:  
But then, I tell my daughter  
Folks don't do as they'd ought-er;  
They had not ought-er do as they do:  
Why don't they do as they'd ought-er?

'When I was young, crime was a crime, it had no other name,  
And when 't was proved against a man, he had to bear the blame;  
They called the man that stole, 'a thief,' they wasted no fine feeling;  
What folks call 'petty larceny,' in *my day* was called stealing;  
They did not make a reprobate the theme of song and story,  
As if the bloodier were his hands, the brighter was his glory;  
And when a murder had been done, could they the murderer find,  
They hung him up as they would a crow, a terror to his kind.  
But *now-a-days*, it seems to me, whenever blood is spilt,  
The murderer has our sympathy proportioned to his guilt;  
And when the law has proved a man to be a second CAIN,  
A dozen jurors can be found to bring him in '*insane*!'  
And then petitions will be signed, and texts of Scripture twisted,  
And parsons will grow eloquent, and ladies interested;  
Until the man who's proved to be as blood-thirsty as NERO  
Will walk abroad like other men — only a greater hero!  
But then, I tell my daughter  
Folks don't do as they'd ought-er;  
They had not ought-er do as they do:  
Why don't they do as they'd ought-er?'

We have often heard it said, that one of the best and safest insurance companies in this city is the '*Mutual Benefit Life-Insurance Company*,' at Number 11, Wall-street. We give below a fact from '*The Tribune*' daily journal, which reflects high honor upon Mr. LORD, the president, and the direction. We can vouch for the honorable and liberal act alluded to: 'We learn that one of the insured in this company, contrary to the requirements of his policy, and without protecting it by what is termed a 'sea-risk,' proceeded on a voyage to Europe: while at sea, under the influence of insanity, he leaped overboard and was drowned. Under any and all circumstances, suicide vitiates a policy of life-insurance: in this instance, however, the Company viewed the matter through a benevolent medium, and paid to the dead man's widow and his two orphan children the full amount of two thousand dollars for which the husband and father had insured. This act of goodness was performed by the Company cheerfully and promptly, and they deserve credit for such generosity.' Such an act, requires little comment. - - - About noon, we arrived at Alexandria; and really, we were most agreeably disappointed in the aspect of the place. In what Mrs. PARTINGTON would call the 'out-squirts,' its appearance is not striking; but as we approached the wharf, amidst the welcoming roar of some very spunky pieces of artillery, and saw up into the more stirring parts of the city, it seemed alive with people, and presented the appearance of much enterprise and spirit. In the distance loomed up Washington; and beyond, the beautiful heights of Georgetown. There was the CAPITOL, white as snow, looking from its lofty site upon a scene of rare beauty: there were the 'Departments' and the Washington Monument! Our heart beat thick as we went over the side of the *BALTIMORE*, and



thought how soon we should be, for the first time, in the capital of our 'ger-reat and gel-lorious ked'ntry!' Nine cheers split the welkin for 'THE BALTIC' and 'COLLINS!'—and we left him standing like a proud conqueror on her deck, as we moved off for the 'City of Magnificent Distances.' - - - The following letter, dated 'Rome, February 18, 1852,' will interest many of our readers. It comes from a friend and correspondent who has often made the KNICKERBOCKER his medium of communication with the public while at home, and we trust that he may not infrequently do us the same favor while he shall remain abroad:

'WELL, here I am in Rome; not the Rome of my imagination, but what is called Rome, and known as such throughout the civilized world. It is now high Carnival, and to-day I have been with the crowd to look on 'Christian fools with varnished faces,' as they drove up and down the Corso. It takes a vast deal of the poetry out of this life to look matters full in the face. The actual and the present tread heavily on the toes of your romance, and it is, I think, quite as well to gaze afar off. CAMPBELL's words have often been on my lips during my residence in Rome. For instance, I saw yesterday a long line of illustrious Roman emperors cut in marble, and looked upon, no doubt, in their day, as magnificent representations of magnificent heroes; I saw this splendid troop standing erect as in their best days, (some eight hundred years ago;) and what base use do you imagine an American resident in the Eternal City had put them to? They were holding up on out-stretched arms the week's washing of a large family! I saw with these eyes the back of JULIUS CÆSAR covered with a wet shirt, whose constant dripping fell upon his god-like legs like a summer shower. The great AUGUSTUS was looking through a pair of Yankee stockings; and TRAJAN's head was enveloped in a flannel night-gown!

'But all is not so homely as this picture. The Coliseum, which I have seen in all lights and under every sky, is truly the great feature of Rome. Nothing can wear away from *that* its majestic beauty. The Pantheon, too, is still eternal in its dome, and all that BYRON has written of it is true.

'Let me tell you how I pass a day in Rome. This one, for instance: All the morning I was sitting with a cowed monk in the cell where TASSO died. They keep his memory green, these pious hermits; and it does one's heart good to see how reverently they tread the pavement where he walked and prayed. From St. ONOFRIO to the Coliseum it is a healthy distance only, and thither we bent our steps for an afternoon's ramble. A stroll home through the Corso, and the Carnival does not end the day badly.

'Touching the Fine Arts, you will not despise 'my humble opinion,' as they say in the House of Lords. To hear good music, one must go to New-York: of this I am fully persuaded. Italy has not anything to show so good in that way. In architecture, Rome has her glories all unrivalled still. Painting and sculpture, too, she proudly and justly calls her own. I must not fail to tell you what better judges than I am pronounce true. As an American, I am sure you will be proud to hear that CRAWFORD and BROWN stand at the head of their respective professions in the Eternal City. I wish you could walk with me some fine sunny day into the studio of CRAWFORD, and enjoy, as I have done again and again, what he is doing for Virginia. His PATRICK HENRY, now ready to be cast in bronze, is equal to any thing in the best school of modern sculpture. It ought to speak, and would do so, should days of trial ever again occur in our country's history. BROWN's landscapes are unrivalled, and foolish travellers who give their orders for poor copies to indifferent painters, will not fail to regret their ignorance in overlooking the splendid originals of this fine genius. 'A picture painted by him now, for five hundred dollars, will be re-sold at my death for three times that sum,' said an English bachelor to me the other day, as he carried off his prize to London.

'But dinner is announced, and I hurry to obey 'one of the noblest impulses of our common nature.'"

'If you have time to spare, let me mention to you an incident,' writes a correspondent from Steuben county in this State, 'which occurred during an excursion which recently I made into the south part of Alleghany county. My friend 'the Doctor' and myself found ourselves sojourning in that region during the month of December last, and feasting upon the delicious venison abounding there. We were induced one Saturday evening, while in the village of Whitesville, to attend a temperance-meeting held at the Methodist meeting-house, for the purpose of wiling away a leisure hour. The lecturer, a Methodist minister,



entertained us with a poetical address, a very clever performance, by the by; in which he adverted to the 'votaries who worshipped at the shrine of BACCHUS,' the many who 'quaff' their wine, and incidentally to the difficulties in climbing the hill of Parnassus. Every thing passed off pleasantly, and we returned to our inn. The next morning, more or less of the villagers assembled in the bar-room of the tavern: among them I observed one, who, seated by the stove, was evidently laboring under some ponderous idea that he wished to embody in words. Eventually he unburthened himself as follows: 'Mr. — (the lecturer of the previous evening) thought that no one knew who he was hetchelling so, when he was giving it to BACKUS and QUAFF last evening in his lecture; but *I* knew, all the time.' 'Ah!' said 'the Doctor,' 'I was in some doubt myself as to whom he referred. 'Why,' said this sage bar-room oracle, 'BACKUS is an old acquaintance of mine, a distiller, living in the village of C——, and QUAFF was his head-workman.' 'Indeed!' said 'the Doctor;' 'and do you know any thing about the PARNASSUS HILL he mentioned?' 'Yes, I do so,' replied the oracle, 'and a devilish steep and slippery hill it *is* too, right up back of BACKUS's distillery: and the lecturer was more than half right when he said it was difficult work to climb it, for I have tried it, and know all about it!' Mrs. RAMSBOTTOM could hardly cap *this* climax. - - - We have now been in Washington some five days; and we declare it as our decided conviction, that in multitudinous respects, it is the most picturesque, the most beautiful city we ever saw. But first let us speak of THE CAPITOL, its crowning glory. It is a perfect dream of architectural beauty. We have seen it, now, from every point of the compass; at all hours of the day, and morning and evening twilight; whether looming through the mist or haze of the gloaming, as seen from the PRESIDENT'S HOUSE, terminating the broad and handsome Pennsylvania-Avenue, or gleaming white in the up-rising sun; or standing, 'sculptured soft in the pale moon-light;' in every point of view, and at all times, it is preëminently beautiful. What *dignity of space* it has, in the edifice itself, and all its surroundings! All honor to LATROBE, its architect: it is a living monument, and long may it remain so, of his taste and genius. One scarcely knows which most to admire, the eastern or western front. The former, in a three-quarter side-view from the right, we do not believe can be matched for richness and grace by any edifice in the world; while the approach to the other side is so grand, and the edifice towers up from its proud position so loftily, surmounted by its graceful, swelling dome, that one can hardly help exclaiming, 'After all, *this* is the most beautiful front!' And then the views from the broad esplanade are so magnificent; the several Departments, gleaming in white marble; the 'Smithsonian Institute,' rising sombre from its spacious grounds, and the white shaft of the Washington Monument, near by; the silver Potomac, and the Heights of Georgetown, and 'old Virginia' beyond; all these conspire to form a view, which to us, a stranger, was always surpassingly lovely. - - - 'Some years ago there lived in this region,' (so writes a genial friend) 'a 'steam-poet,' familiarly known as 'old BEACH.' What think you of the following, suggested by him as an appropriate epitaph for a certain Deacon R——, who died, leaving all his property to the missionary societies:

'HERE lies what's left of Deacon R——:  
 He knows his own condition;  
 To save his soul, he gave his all  
 Unto the heathen mission:  
 His children poor, turned out of door,  
 For them he had no pity;  
 If HEAVEN serves *him* as he served *them*,  
 Old SATAN, do your duty!'

We have this moment received the following note from a dear and long-tried friend and correspondent, with whom, and in whose writings, in these pages, and subsequently in volumes, thousands of readers, in America and in England, have been deeply interested. We have but a single parting word to say to our friend:

— 'TAKE with you gentle winds  
Your sails to swell!'

May your voyage be propitious, your stay rife with enjoyment; your return as speedy as your welcome will be cordial:

'MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK:

'It is some ten years since I received from you, through Professor BUSH, a kindly message, to the effect that a manuscript, prepared for your Magazine, and submitted with no little misgivings on my part, was 'accepted,' and that you would be pleased to have an interview with the writer. How that interview took place; how an acquaintance was formed; how an intimacy ripened; how, in short, we now regard each other — these are scarcely topics for a note of this sort. That we have been in pretty close communion since we first met, you will perhaps allow me to boast here. What, during the same period, have been my relations to the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER, I must leave to their judgments. I have so often appealed to their indulgence, or rather you have so often interceded for me, that I feel the old excuse to be quite thread-bare. We may as well own it, Louis. You and I both knew, when in your March Number you announced the *Sequel to Saint Leger* as 'filed for insertion,' that not a line of it had been written, although you had my promise that your announcement should 'certainly' — that was my word, Louis — *certainly* be forthcoming in season for April; so that, after all, the blame rests entirely with me. You must remember, for I am sure I had the story from you, how one of our worthy Dutch progenitors excused the profanity of his son, an idle, do-nothing youngster of fourteen, by saying that 'HANS was generally a good boy, but just then he was troubled with a *very* bad cold!' Now I assure you it has been no 'bad cold' which has kept me from the 'Sequel,' but an unlooked-for press of engagements, professional as well as personal, which have absolutely prevented my keeping faith with you in this matter. And now, at the time when I counted most on being regular in my correspondence, I am unexpectedly called to the 'other side of the water.' That you may possibly be the gainer by this revisiting of old scenes, and reviving of old associations, in some little addition of freshness which I may thus be enabled to throw around my subject, I hardly dare hint: yet I am sure I can promise it shall receive no injury thereby.

"What need of more words?" I leave you, dear Louis, in the lurch. I do confess it; but the confession is something. It eases my conscience of that 'filed for insertion.' Adieu!

WE passed, with equal pleasure and instruction, an hour in the Senate of the United States this morning, being admitted by a word to the door-keeper from our old friend and correspondent, Senator SEWARD, upon 'the floor' of that body. Mr. CLEMENS was to speak, in reply to Mr. RHETT, and 'sharp work' was expected. But happily, the senator kept his temper; speaking vigorously, it is true, but not bitterly; dwelling rather upon an exhibition of principles which had been assailed than upon personal grievances. His manner was good, his self-possession admirable. As we looked around, we thought what an arena that scene at different times had been: but the eloquent CLAY, WEBSTER, CALHOUN, HAYNE, BENTON, and other magnates of that body, were no longer there. The younger members, as a general thing, are ambitious to attack; to find fault; to 'move for information' of the PRESIDENT and his cabinet, on all sorts of alleged abuses; reminding one of DICKENS's fresh parochial officer, who 'boldly expressed his want of confidence in the existing authorities, and moved for a copy of the recipe by which the paupers' soup was prepared, with any documents relating thereto!' But even these querulous persons are less noxious members than the 'half-orator, half-assassin' species, who physically 'have a giant's strength, and who do not hesitate to use it like a giant' upon the small and the weak. Whip us such 'honorable senators!' - - - WE cannot 'transmit the cash' for the *'Lines Composed on the Death of Three Men, killed on the Cochocho Rail-Road,*

*New-Hampshire, November 21,* without first knowing 'for a certainty' whether they are original. We may be wrong; but if our memory serves us, they are 'adapted' after TUPPER, who has recorded in verse a similar casualty in England. BYRON has also something like it, in his 'Trip to Birmingham by Rail-road:'

COME all my friends, both far and near,  
These melancholy lines you hear,  
Of a sad accident that happened of late,  
On the Cochecho road that runs to the lake.

It was in eighteen hundred fifty-one  
When this sad accident was done;  
It was November last, the twenty-first;  
It rained all day the very worst.

It rained all day and night likewise,  
Which soaked the earth to their surprise;  
It was about three miles above the plains,  
Where the road was spile't that stopped the train.

The train left Dover at half-past five that night,  
To go to the Bay, if all was right;  
And when it reach'd that dreadful spot  
The cars sunk in, and the engine upso't!

Three men sprung out, thinking to be saved,  
But the engine proved them a watery grave;  
They lay in the water, beneath the heavy iron!  
No one could reach them till they had expired.

One of those men that was killed we hear,  
Was SAMUEL TWOMBLY, the Engineer;  
Another was CHARLES YOUNG, the fireman also;  
The other was a young Irishman, whom we do not know.

Come all you who may read and wait,  
And go on the train up to the lake;  
Pray read these lines which I have penned,  
And ever think on your future end.

All you who are left to mourn the fate  
Of your dear friends who was killed of late,  
I beg a warning you would take:  
Remember the road that runs to the lake!

In melody and euphony, the fifth stanza impresses us most favorably, as we doubt not it will the reader. - - - PLEASANT and very memorable was a walk we took to-day, with an old and tried friend, to visit the *Washington Monument* and the *Observatory*. It was a matter of patriotic interest to read the inscriptions upon the blocks sent from the different states and territories for insertion in the interior of the monument. When this great shaft, now over an hundred feet high, shall have reached an elevation of five hundred feet, it will tower sublimely over the city, a Pharos to cheer the heart of every true lover of his country and of the 'FATHER of his Country.' At the Observatory we met with Professor MACRY, who is not only an indefatigable devotee of science, but a clear and admirable writer upon all subjects which he has made a study. Through the kindness and courtesy of himself and Professor HUBBARD, his accomplished assistant, we ascended to the dome, and were permitted to peer into the Great Telescope, commanding, through the revolving roof, a planet at bright mid-day, glimmering opaquely in the celestial void. We write inadequately of all this, but that half-hour in the Washington Observatory is for ever marked with a 'white stone' in our memory. - - - 'I was going one day,' says a metropolitan correspondent, in a note to the EDITOR, 'over to Greenwood, and as I came up to the omnibus-stand, near the entrance, there seemed to be an altercation between two of the drivers. I did not hear the beginning of it, but as I came up, one said, in a very triumphant tone, as if he thought it was a 'finisher:'. 'Well, I thank God I ain't a miserable priest-ridden Catholic, like you.' 'God!' replied

the other: 'Yer no need to say nothin' about *Him*. *He do n't know nothin' about you!*' I thought that was putting his opponent pretty *low down!*' And so it was: but Mrs. S. C. HALL gives two or three even more cutting retorts or maledictions than this. - - - THROUGH the kindness of Mr. FORNEY, of Pennsylvania, whose courtesy to strangers is proverbial, we obtained a seat upon the floor of the House of Representatives; the seat in that popular body represented by Mr. BRECKENRIDGE, of Kentucky, which, unlike our friend Mr. RUSSELL SMITH, at Albany, we did not 'contest,' but resigned the moment its occupant re-visited it. Rising recently from that seat, we perceive that Mr. BRECKENRIDGE made a brilliant debut before the House. One could have predicted as much, from the striking intellectual appearance and manner of the speaker. The House possesses, by the by, many remarkably intellectual-looking heads: some of them would be a treasure to a phrenologist: others, whose appearance would perhaps disappoint the observer, would surprise him by their talents. We heard Mr. STEPHENS, of Georgia, with much pleasure. He spoke fluently, (not 'fluidly,' as Mrs. PARTINGTON would say,) and to the point. He stood before us, gesticulating moderately, and moving his lips; but, by a singular reverberation, his voice came from behind us. The effect, to ear and eye, was very peculiar. - - - We suppose that our correspondent 'M. W.,' the 'ALBAN' critic, must be heard; yet we beg leave to say, that 'hearing *both* sides' does n't mean hearing *three* sides. Howbeit, as the missive is brief, it shall 'have audience;' the more, that there are two separate grievances, for which redress is required at our hands:

'MR. EDITOR: And *you* also 'turn upon and rend' me? I jilted; I, who, in my declining years, look out upon the world from that calm Paradise of single-blessedness, where no thought ever enters of 'marrying or giving in marriage;' from that Eden of old-bachelorship where there is no EVE, and, consequently, no serpent. I jilted; and by some cold Puritan damsel! And this when, to imitate the touching appeal of the author of 'ALBAN,' you have every reason to cherish and protect me; and when, 'Sir,' to use the mild threat of the same author, 'it will be *best* for you to do so.' But first, Sir, about this 'ALBAN.' When GÖTTE wrote his 'Faust,' nobody understood it—except the author; but here is a 'native American' production which every one understands—but the author. When, for example, I perused the celebrated conversation held by Miss DE GROOR on the steamboat, remembering that the author in his preface alludes, with apparent triumph, to the 'piquancy' of 'Lady ALICE,' why, of course, I supposed that he meant what he said. I was absolutely forced to draw an inference, and a very 'nasty' inference it was. I am glad to believe his assertion of innocence, with respect to this single passage; and happy to retract the remarks, as to this one passage in my former article; but, as for his plea of general good intentions, moving him to write 'ALBAN,' give me leave, once for all, to enter a protest against such defences. If they are allowed, it will encourage the spread of good intentions among mankind: and good intentions are, of all good things, the most injurious and provoking. We never hear of them, except in connection with some irremediable mischief; and though used, it is said, for paving another place, that pavement must, by this time, be completed. 'ALBAN' alone would finish it. It was the intention of the book, it seems, to trace the steps (through all manner of evil) which a soul must take on its journey toward the state of grace and purity. The result is, that an ordinary reader occasionally meets with a valuable thought, but his discovery is purchased as dearly as the discoveries of the poor chiffoniers in Paris, who sometimes rake up a stray silver spoon while wading through a sewer.

'But, Mr. EDITOR, the thought pursues me: I *jilted*, and by a Yankee girl! I repudiate and deny 'the monstrous and gratuitous interpretation' which you have seen fit to put on my '*Lines to a Boston Belle*.' I, too, am 'a native New-Yorker, with old New-York blood in my veins,' and my tastes are all 'local.' No maiden of New-England, glittering aloft in her pride of intellect, like PERCIVAL's star, has ever tempted me to climb the transcendental peak on which New-England maidens usually perch themselves: for I knew, better, perhaps, than PERCIVAL, that I should find nothing, at the end of my journey, but 'a lump of ice.' To have it said of a man that he has been jilted by such, in a popular monthly Magazine, in 'the veteran of monthlies,' in 'the American Maga,' just after the price of subscription has been greatly reduced, and the circula-

tion has greatly increased!—it is crushing! In the words of the author of 'ALBAN,' it gashes one's 'bark.' M. W.

Of the several government sculptures to be encountered at Washington we regard the simple and dignified statues of the FATHER of his Country, by GREENOUGH, and the colossal figures of PEACE and WAR, as by far the best. PERSICO's 'COLUMBUS' we could wish were away from the eastern portico of the Capitol. It reflects little credit upon its position, less upon the national taste, and none upon the creative genius of the artist. Our objection lies at the very bottom of the design, as it first strikes one, coming out from the Rotunda. The whole first effect is fundamentally bad. What, for example, is expressed (without explanation, and a statue should explain *itself*, shouldn't it?) by the fierce figure of COLUMBUS, with a ball in his theatrically-upraised right hand? We ask any first observer whether the idea at once conveyed to his mind is not that of a confident ten-pin-player about to make a fore-ordained 'ten-strike,' with a not very beautiful female, in a tropical climate, 'without the valow of a rag to her back,' interested in his getting it? - - - The lines which ensue reach us from W. D. GALLAGHER, Esq. They almost sob with the deep feeling that dictated them:

## I.

When last the April-bloom was flinging  
Sweet odors on the air of spring,  
In forest-aisles thy voice was ringing,  
Where thou didst with the red-bird sing:  
Again the April-bloom is flinging  
Sweet odors on the air of spring,  
But now in Heaven thy voice is ringing,  
Where thou dost with the angels sing.

## II.

When last the maple-bud was swelling,  
When last the crocus bloomed below,  
My heart to thine its love was telling;  
Thy soul with mine kept ebb and flow:  
Again the maple-bud is swelling,  
Again the crocus blooms below:—  
In Heaven thy heart its love is telling,  
But still our souls keep ebb and flow.

W. D. G.

Washington, D. C., 1852.

'There swelled a burthened heart!' - - - HERE is a passage from an epistle to the Editor that will make the reader laugh 'somedele,' or we are greatly mistaken: 'Some five years ago, having received my diploma from the Philadelphia Medical School, I started off, and in a few weeks had set up, in the northern part of Georgia, a shingle, whereby I tendered to the community my services as 'Physician and Surgeon.' A few days after, as I was engaged in the preparation of divers medicines, the door of my office was opened, and a tall, brawny specimen of the 'genus homo' entered. Apparently quite at his ease, he pulled off his battered castor, and, stepping up to a small mirror, passed his hand over an enormous mass of fiery hair, and complacently remarked: 'There's a head o' ha'r for you! what d'ye think of *that*?' Having expressed my admiration thereof, he removed his coat, and ensconcing himself in my arm-chair, said: 'Well, stranger, you can jist git to work and mow off a couple o' pounds! It's a'-comin' on hot now, and the swamps is a mighty pesky place for breedin' the critters!' I blandly replied, that I was exceedingly sorry, but that really I could hardly enumerate hair-cutting among my accomplishments. 'What!' said he, regarding me with a look of huge contempt, 'what! let on to be a surging, and can't cut ha'r! H—ll!' And so, resuming his coat and hat, he strode disdainfully away. Not long after, just as I was congratulating myself on being so well rid of him, the

door opened again, and my 'customer' reappeared, with a visage highly inflamed with alcoholic beverages. 'Look here, stranger!' said he fiercely, 'may be you hold yourself too *good* to cut my ha'r!' I immediately and eagerly disclaimed any such feeling, and he soon departed, after having remarked, while gently tapping the horn-handle of his bowie: 'I'm cussed of it ain't well you *don't*, or pre-haps I might have done a little cuttin' myself!' If he had come again, I should have cut his hair gratis! - - - One thing touching Washington: it is the most hospitable place we ever visited. Not an hour had elapsed after our arrival at the NATIONAL, before we were taken from the 'DEXTER-arm' of that house by an esteemed friend, and domiciliated in his pleasant family, where we could enjoy a rich collection of fine pictures, statuary, and objects of taste and vertu, in rare profusion; and whence, by day and by night, we radiated, to enjoy a metropolitan hospitality scarcely less hearty and cordial. It was something, while at this home of enjoyment, to sit down to the perusal of some hundred and fifty letters from General WASHINGTON, all in his *own* hand-writing; forming a small part only of what is doubtless the best collection of autograph-letters from eminent persons, European and American, literary, military, and other, to be found in the Union. 'Illustrious McGUIRE!' as the Yankee-Irishman said to Kossuth, may your 'shadow,' and your love and appreciation of the beautiful and the rare in art, 'never grow less!' - - - Much amused to-day by a passage in a letter from a 'village correspondent' in the northern part of old Massachusetts, whose most humane profession is that of a surgeon-dentist: 'I took lately,' he writes, 'with a world of wrenching, an immense molar from the right lower jaw of a stout Irish 'help.' She bore it all, without seeming to be aware of what I was doing. After the tooth was fairly out, she looked up to me with an air of confiding sincerity, and said: 'I was sorry to trouble you, Doctor, so much; me teeth always coom haärd; but I cood n't *help* it, I cood n't! It was mighty har-r-d *wurruk*, so it was, fur ye!' Think of an apology to a dentist for the 'trouble' one has given him, in drawing a deep-set double tooth! - - - WHILE in Washington, we saw the two following obituary-pendants, in a Baltimore and a Philadelphia daily penny-paper. Can there be consolation to *any* bereaved parent, in having such wretched doggerel attached to a notice of the death of a beloved child? 'WILLIAM HENRY' and 'HOPE B——M' would better have 'remained unsung':

'FAREWELL, our dear little BILLY;  
Thy last sleep was sweet as a lilly;  
Still nature binds us to mourn as a dove,  
As thou art a son of much love.

'Farewell to thee, we say in the papers,  
But imprint on the mind thy innocent capers:  
Thou art gone from trouble and pain,  
With Jesus in glory for ever to reign.'

'AND is my little HOPEY gone,  
His face no more to see?  
Yes, he has gone to Heaven above,  
To join that happy company.

'Sickness and pain long time he bore,  
Physicians tried in vain;  
But nothing could give him relief  
Till CHRIST did ease him of his pain.

'A few short years the lovely flower  
Hath bloomed and cheered his parents' heart;  
But, oh! how sad the unwelcome hour  
When we were called with him to part.'



'SOME-FOLKS' to the contrary notwithstanding, there is much, very much, to admire in the *Smithsonian Institute* at Washington. There are points of view in which its external architectural combinations are not only in a high degree picturesque, but positively beautiful. On the other hand, one can, by another focus of vision, so group the towers and turrets, and pinnacle-adornments, as to show 'a mass of things, but nought distinctively.' We found the interior better adapted to its purposes than from 'the papers' we had been led to suppose it could be. We glanced hastily through the Indian Gallery, tarried in the pneumatic department, and were most kindly accompanied by the young but thoroughly capable superintendent of the animal and piscatorial departments beneath, where the processes of preparation and preservation were going on, under his keen eye and careful supervision. Of the marvels here encountered, we hope to have somewhat more to say hereafter. The grounds of the Institution are spacious, and, in connection with the other public grounds, are receiving the benefit of the educated taste and experience of Mr. DOWNING, of Newburgh, the well-chosen government superintendent. - - - We remark in the daily journals an account of a rare surgical operation, the removal of an entire lower jaw, by Dr. CARNOCHAN, a young but already eminent surgeon of this city. The patient rapidly recovered, and is now well. We once saw Dr. CARNOCHAN operate upon a fracture of the skull, in a druggist's shop, into which the patient had been brought from the street, and were struck at the time with his great coolness and precision. He is destined to be, if indeed he be not already, one of the very first of our metropolitan surgeons. - - - THERE was quite an unexpected début at a theatre in Liverpool, (England,) recently, during the performance of the last and most impressive scene in the play of JULIUS CÆSAR. The elder VANDENHOFF sustained the character of BRUTUS. He was at that passage where, after his army had been defeated, he requests his freedman to kill him, and resolves to commit suicide. At this juncture a venerable-looking goat, with a long beard, made his appearance at the side-scenes, and took a deliberate survey of the house. The audience, at first surprised at this novel apparition, burst into roars of laughter, to the evident horror and astonishment of the tragedian, to whose ears the unlooked-for sounds were a profanation. The cause of the merriment walked deliberately down to the foot-lights, and stared at the audience, whose roars of laughter soon startled him, and drove him once more up the stage. In the mean time BRUTUS stabbed himself, with as much tragic dignity as possible under the circumstances, covering his face with his robe. The goat, seeing his fall, walked over to the prostrate BRUTUS, surveyed him, took a snuff at him, and was then, amidst louder roars of laughter than ever, in which the actors heartily joined, removed off the stage. - - - PASSING the NATIONAL HOTEL at two o'clock on this bright and cloudless warm Sunday, we saw a tall figure, clad in a blue cloak, attended only by a lady and child, enter a coach before the door. Once seen, it was a face never to be forgotten. It was HENRY CLAY. That eagle-eye was not dimmed, though the great statesman's natural force was abated. We raised our hat, and bowed our reverence and admiration: our salutation was gracefully returned, and the carriage was driven away. As we walked on, to keep an engagement to dine, we thought of the late words of that eminent patriot: 'If the days of my usefulness, as I have too much reason to fear, be indeed passed, I desire not to linger an impotent spectator of the oft-scanned field of life. I have never looked upon old age, deprived of the faculty of enjoyment, of intellectual perceptions and energies, with any sympathy; and for such I think the



day of fate cannot arrive too soon.' One can hardly choose but drop a tear over such a remark from such a man. - - - DICKENS has a recent capital story, entitled, '*What Christmas is in the Company of John Doe*,' wherein a poor fellow is taken off to prison for debt, just as his Christmas dinner is ready. The officer, while taking him away, narrates some passages of his experience in 'nabbing' people. He tells his captive that he 'was once commissioned to 'nab' the celebrated Mr. Wix, of the Theatres Royal. That Mr. Wix, being in the act of playing the Baron Spolaccio, in the famous tragedy of 'Love, Ruin, and Revenge,' he, CRABSTICK, permitted him, in deference to the interests of the drama, to play the part out, stationing an assistant at each wing, to prevent escape. That the delusive Wix 'bilked' him by going down a trap. That he CRABSTICK, captured him, notwithstanding, under the stage, though opposed by the gigantic Wix himself, two stage-carpenters, a demon, and the Third Citizen. That Wix rushed on the stage and explained his position to the audience, whereupon the gallery (Wix being an especial favorite of theirs) expressed a strong desire to have his (CRABSTICK's) blood; and, failing to obtain that, tore up the benches; in the midst of which operation the recalcitrant Wix was removed.' This is very 'DICKENSY.' - - - THE *City of Washington* should be regarded with affection and reverence by all portions of our great and growing Republic. It is the focus of our laws; the centre of our government; and all its structures, all its adornments, should be looked upon with a wide and general national pride. But we have always observed, that any proposed government appropriation for Washington is the subject for much 'chaffering' opposition on the part of new or narrow-minded members of Congress. But the City itself asks no more than she gives. Her taxes, of which the Government has collaterally, if not mainly, the benefit, have exceeded in amount the appropriations expended in her borders for the especial benefit of the city. A national metropolis, like Washington, should receive the cordial sympathy and the liberal aid of the nation's representatives. No man can visit it, without feeling prouder of his country. - - - WE have been very much impressed with the merit of a series of '*Letters from the North of Europe*,' which appear at intervals in the '*Daily Star*' of Syracuse in this State. They betoken quick observation and strong love of nature as well as of art, and abound in evidences of a genuine intellect, and accomplishments of no common order. On inquiry, we learn that the writer is a very young man, named FISKE; that he overcame many obstacles in getting abroad; that he is now travelling on foot in northern Europe; that he is an accomplished linguist and general scholar; and it is certainly easy to perceive, from his letters, that his heart is as light and his feelings as fresh as a girl's. We present a single passage from a letter dated at Wisby, an old and remarkable town on the island of Göthland, once the central place of exchange for a large India trade, but now in its decadence. The foreigner visits it only to examine its magnificent ruins:

'Never shall I forget the impression it made on me, with its gray walls and towers. I stepped from the nineteenth to the eleventh century, from the steam-boat to the feudal town: its massive walls of hewn stone, its two-score-and-ten battlemented towers, its arched, broad gate-ways, all stand, almost as when they were built. Within the wall are no less than eighteen churches in ruins, most of them well preserved. The Gothic and Byzantine architecture is rich, majestic, and beautiful: the immense arches, the huge columns, the cunningly-carved tracery, the aged moss, the holy silence, all impressed me deeply. Many of the old merchants' houses stand, and are now used. Here were trade-princes from all parts of the world; and their different and diverse tastes are apparent in the dissimilarity of their residences. Have I ever lived a waking dream, it was during the few hours of my sojourn at Wisby.

'So much of my travelling adventures. But do not imagine that these were the only pleasant incidents which occurred in the course of my wandering. Every day, every hour, was productive

of some new pleasure, some agreeable novelty; and over and above all, I *learned* continually. But it is with me, as I suppose it may be with persons much more studious than myself: the more I acquire, the greater seems the disproportion between my little stock of knowledge and the vast, ever-increasing mass of lore of which I am ignorant. Every fresh fact is only the portal to a thousand more, all claiming attention and inquiry. Each flower gathered in the garden of wisdom contains a multitude of seeds, and every one planted produces a different plant. For it is not here, as in the culture of nature, where, if you understand one plant, you are at the same time acquainted with a thousand others of the same species. On the contrary, sow an idea, and the result is a crowd of new and strange ideas, each differing from the other. And think: the world's stock of learning is constantly accumulating. The space of a man's life almost doubles it. What will be, what has already been, the consequence? Men begin, even now, to stuff themselves with facts and dates, neglecting more and more causes and effects; as Iving has somewhere said, the learned have already become little more than walking encyclopædias. May we not expect that even this state will soon vanish, and the mind of a wise man soon resemble nothing but an index; a huge catalogue of what has been done, thought, and written, with few or no explanatory notes? I can see no limit to learning, unless we should have, from some now unknown cause, another Middle Age, a second slumber of thought. Or perhaps we can avoid expecting or dreading such a dark period, upon the hypothesis that while the amount of knowledge is waxing greater, the number of students is also increasing. In this way every one can devote himself to some particular division of science, relinquishing the idea of learning any thing out of his prescribed measure. On the other hand, we are taught by experience how each branch of lore runs into another. The geologist must also understand chemistry, the geographer mathematics, the historian archaeology, and so forth. How can he do this? Ah! this pyramidal heaping up of the world's wisdom will do away with that nondescript animal, the Universal Genius; for it will soon require a divine mind to comprehend the universality of knowledge.

Is there not good *matériel* in these unsurface-thoughts of a young man of nineteen or twenty, working his way on foot through the rarely-visited portions of northern Europe? - - - 'I was walking with Mr. WEBSTER, down this walk,' said a friend of ours, as we descended into Pennsylvania-Avenue from the Capitol, 'soon after HAYNE had concluded his famous speech; and I said to Mr. WEBSTER, 'I am afraid, Sir, that that speech is unanswerable.' 'We shall see, Sir,' replied Mr. WEBSTER, taking off his hat, and passing his hand two or three times over his forehead; 'we—shall—see, Sir—to-morrow; we shall see—to-morrow!' And they *did* see, and so, since, has the world seen. Would that we could have taken the hand of the great 'Defender of the Constitution' in the very theatre of his renown! - - - For purity and sweetness of tone, for exquisite beauty of material and perfection of finish, we have never seen any pianos that can fairly challenge comparison with some instruments we have recently examined at the piano-rooms of Mr. PETER PROVOOST, Number 490, Hudson-street. They are of a peculiar construction, and of a most convenient and graceful shape. - - - A LITTLE while after rolling out from Washington in the cars, with 'homeward-pointed face,' we came to Bladensburg, where so many persons have been made 'shells of men' in duels. Near by, too, is the famous battle-ground, where there was some 'tall running' on a memorable occasion. 'Why,' said a gentleman to the guide who shows people over the ground, 'did the Americans retreat on that occasion?' 'Retreat?' echoed the guide. 'Yes,' repeated the visitor, 'why did they run away?' 'Wal, some how or 'nother,' replied the guide, slowly, 'they didn't seem to take no interest!' It seems they *did* take 'considerable' interest! - - - We had but an hour and a quarter in Baltimore, but we made the most of it. In fifteen minutes after we left the cars, we were looking down upon the city from the top of the towering and beautiful WASHINGTON Monument; filled with no little surprise at the extent and general aspect of the place. Baltimore, in its life, and in the character of its streets, is more like New-York than any other American city we have ever seen. It made us very sad to think, as we gazed abroad upon that wide-spread town, how utterly strange to us was every soul of its population. So that it was with a sense of almost painful loneliness—for there is no solitude like that of a great and strange city—that we entered the spacious and solemn cathedral. A poor woman, partly blind, was arranging the altar; and before the celebrated picture

of our SAVIOUR's sufferings on the cross, sent by the POPE of Rome to the cathedral, knelt a beautiful girl, slowly rocking to and fro, and moving her lips in prayer. As we gazed, now at the heavenly picture, and now at the devout worshipper, we fancied we could almost hear her say, with ELSIE in LONGFELLOW's 'Golden Legend':

'MY REDEEMER and my LORD,  
I beseech thee, I entreat thee,  
Guide me in each act and word,  
That hereafter I may meet thee,  
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,  
With my lamp well trimmed and burning!

'Interceding  
With those bleeding  
Wounds upon thy hands and side,  
For all who have lived and err'd  
Thou hast suffered, thou hast died,  
Scourged, and mocked, and crucified,  
And in the grave hast thou been buried

'If my feeble prayer can reach thee,  
O my SAVIOUR! I beseech thee,  
Even as thou hast died for me,  
More sincerely  
Let me follow where thou ledest,  
Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest,  
Die, if dying I may give  
Life to one who asks to live,  
And more nearly,  
Dying thus, resemble thee!'

We left the silent void and repose of the cathedral for the busy scenes without; and soon after, were standing before the 'Battle Monument,' as it is called, erected in honor of the brave men who fell at North-Point: then, a few oysters at GUY'S. - - - MANY thanks to 'W. H. A.' for his '*Letter Afloat*.' If we had had his address, it should not long have remained unanswered. - - - We have much 'Gossip' in type, including excellent favors of new and old correspondents, notices of new books, addresses, etc. - - - AFTER all, we must re-take up our Washington memoranda; for our limited space is against us. Of our visit to the 'White House;' of the 'Hop' at BROWN'S new and superb marble hotel; of views in the Rotunda, and from the dome of the Capitol; of an hour in the Supreme Court; of a trip to Georgetown, and what we saw there; of visits to the Patent-office, Treasury and State Departments, General Post-office, etc., it will be our pleasant province to gossip hereafter. - - - '*The Bizarre*' is the quite impressive title of a very variously-selected and lively weekly of Philadelphia, convenient in size, and well executed. MR. J. M. CHURCH is the editor, and he performs his task with much industry and spirit. - - - 'It will be pleasant,' said a friend just now at our elbow, 'in the heats of the approaching summer, 'again to sit under the trees by BARKER'S at Hoboken, and inhale the fresh breezes of the bay: receiving, at the same time, from the obliging GEORGE ROBEY, those 'attentions' which he knows so well how to give.' We believe that all frequenters of that delightful spot will endorse this opinion, because it is 'founded.' - - - We are glad that we have a few lines left, to speak of *Sattler's Cosmorama*s, which we find, on 'returning from our travels,' reëstablished at the corner of Thirteenth-street and Broadway. Among his present views, is one of '*The Great Horse-Shoe Fall of Niagara*;' and all who see that picture, will not need the assurance, which we have had from every travelled person who has seen the originals of his various and admirable foreign views, that nothing can exceed the truthfulness, the exactness, of his pictorial translations from the most wonderful passages in the 'Book of Nature.'